

PRICE FIVE CENTS

(Continued on Page 8)

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. NO. 12.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9th, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

SOMEONE ought to perform for Canada a similar service to that which Justin McCarthy did for the Old Land when he wrote his "History of Our Own Times." It is a matter of greater necessity to the Dominion because in recent years we have had such a large body of newcomers brought up amid conditions remote from ours.

There are many excellent books, notably Parkman's, from which they can learn the story of the very early years of Canada. There are others, not so good, from which they may obtain some information respecting the periods that follow. But as for what has happened since the establishment of Confederation, the material open to them is most fragmentary.

This week there was announced the death of a man who played a very distinguished part in the public life of the country during the twenty-five years that followed 1867. To a large proportion of Canadians his name apparently signified nothing.

In some of the best conducted newspapers in the West the despatch telling of his death occupied a place in an obscure part of an inside page where it was bound to be overlooked by nine out of ten readers.

But no one who lived in Canada when Hon. Edward Blake was to the fore and who was old enough to take any interest in politics could fail to have his memory powerfully stirred by the news. Certainly no one who had ever had the opportunity of hearing him in parliament or on the platform.

The statement was made in the editorial column of an Alberta daily this week that Mr. Blake was a great orator. Either this was penned in ignorance or one must wonder at the conception which the writer must have of what constitutes oratory.

If the cheap witicism that brings down the house at a church tea-meeting or the slangy whanging that is heard at the rally in a party's committee rooms are what go to constitute it, then Mr. Blake had no claims. But if clear reasoning, perfect diction and a general dignity in keeping with the importance of the topic that he was discussing are the earmarks, then he was the finest orator that Canada has yet produced.

But behind all this power as a speaker, there was the man of rare courage and unselfish devotion to the public good.

Mr. Blake never attained to the premiership. He was badly beaten in 1882, when the government of Sir John A. Macdonald was in its hey-day. But in 1887 he came so near to success that on the day after polling the Toronto Globe made its famous claim that the Liberals had won the fight by a majority of one.

This proved, as the cartoonist of Grip pointed out very effectively, one of the flowers that did not bloom in the spring. But if his followers had been a little more patient and some of the more powerful of them had not started flirting with the Commercial Union and Annexation movements, there is every reason to believe he would not have come out second best at the next trial of strength.

But there were those in the Liberal ranks who talked persistently upon Mr. Blake being too old a proposition for a leader, very much as certain Conservatives on the very eve of their great success last September, talked of Mr. Borden. The drift to the propaganda of Erastus Winman and Goldwin Smith was also strong. Mr. Blake felt that he was out of sympathy with his party and he asked to be relieved of the responsibility of further leadership.

Despite the long years of prosperity that ensued for the party under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it was not for the good or for that of the country that he abandoned Canadian public life. He stood for Liberalism at its very best and all the time that he was occupying a seat in the British House of Commons as a member of the Irish Nationalist party, he could have been doing great service at Ottawa. His affiliation with the Nationalists, who were pledged to take no part in other than Irish questions, limited his opportunities very greatly at Westminster.

There was one thing that Mr. Blake was not and that was an opportunist. When he distrusted a certain tendency he set his face resolutely against it no matter whether school kept or not. In his Aurora speech in the seventies, when he outlined what he thought should be the line of Canadian national development, he anticipated what has actually happened with remarkable fidelity. His ideal was that of a strong Canadian nation within the Imperial family.

The need of maintaining the tie with the Motherland unimpaired, he never failed to insist on. It was because he believed that the Unrestricted Reciprocity movement that was the election issue in 1891 weakened this that he broke with the party that he had formerly led.

We have been deplorably lacking in recent years in men who were in the habit of doing their own thinking, not there just to secure place and power. Mr. Blake elevated the whole tone of our politics. He was a great example and incentive to younger men and if the country is to realize what we hope for from it we must develop more public servants after his model.

He was a product of our own soil. Ontario was his birthplace and there he received his whole educational training. He was a member of one of the very first classes of graduates of the University of Toronto and his interest in that institution was never passive. He gave largely of his means to it and one saw him at his very best when he was presiding over one of its gatherings during his long tenure of the office of Chancellor.

The profession of law in Canada has had no greater figure. Both in his practice and as Minister of Justice during the Mackenzie administration and before that as premier of Ontario he left a lasting mark upon it. It was his legislation that established the Supreme Court of Canada and all the first members of that body were his appointees.

Such a career requires surely more than a passing mention. It should be a matter of no small pride that Canada produced such a man in the early stages of its national existence. May others of his type be brought to the front in the course of time and may they be better appreciated while they are with us than he was by the Canadians of his day.

The Presbytery of Edmonton has nominated Rev. Dr. MacQueen for the moderatorship of the general assembly of the church which is to be held in this city during the coming summer. The honor is a very great one but no man deserves it more thoroughly than the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He has done a great work not only for Presbyterianism but also in the general unbuilding of the nation during the quarter of a century that he has labored here.

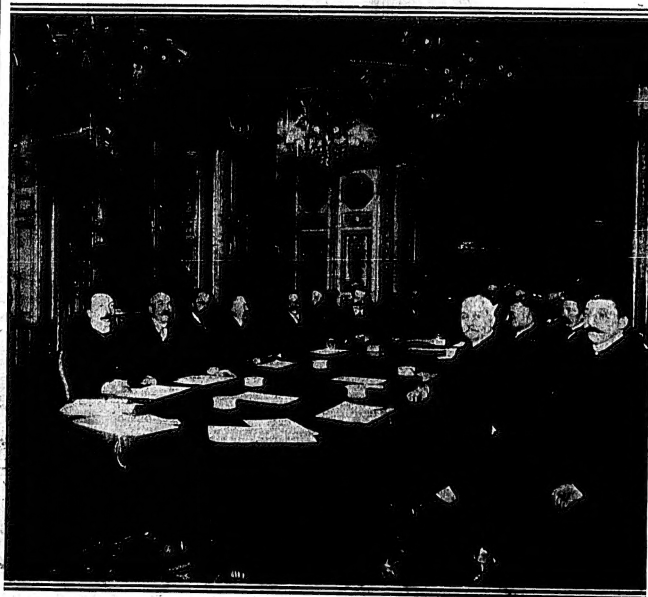
It will be a source of great pride to him to receive his fellow-Presbyterians from all parts of the Dominion in the fine church building that his congregation used for the first time last Sunday. It is a great credit to all concerned and the fact that the man, who took over the charge when Edmonton was of the importance that Grande Prairie now is and as much cut off from the rest of the world, is still at the post and in the full vigor of manhood makes one realize what wonderful things have been happening hereabouts.

When so much that is foolish is appearing in the newspapers about the Canadian appeal to the Privy Council, the opinion of a man like Sir Allen Aylesworth, who is himself about as fine an example of the Canadian lawyer as is to be found, is worth paying attention to.

In the course of an interview with the Toronto Star he said:—

"The Privy Council is composed of judges who are greatly superior to Canadian judges. They are superior for this reason: In Canada a lawyer must earn his living from the start. He must earn it in any sort of practice which presents itself. He has no time for specialization. In England a young lawyer very probably has a rich father. Beginning practice with, perhaps, no more natural ability, but with doubtless a better education he can devote himself to specialization, taking up either the work of attorney or of barrister. If he does not have a case for ten years he need not engage in trifling work, unfitting him for serious employment; and when he does emerge, as he will if he is of the right stuff, he becomes a lawyer of a higher type than we produce in Canada. From these superior lawyers come superior judges and members of the Privy Council."

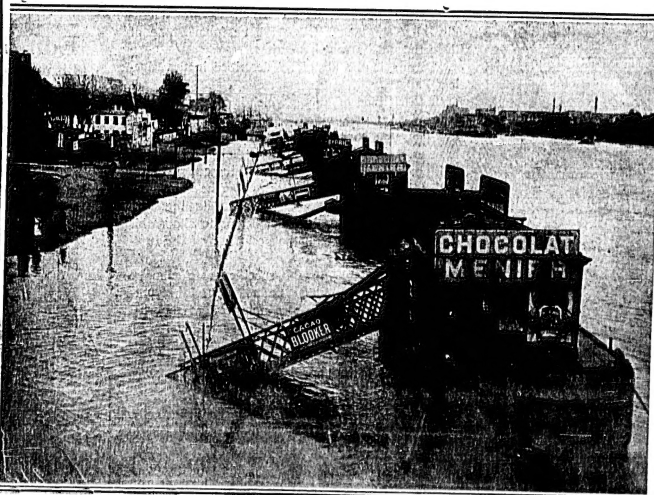
It is a decided advantage to have been the charge, as it was altered, then, arguments that Winnipeg and Toronto newsmongers have been using for changing the system show made a pretty need. Because the Privy Council has upheld the right of companies against municipalities with which they had entered into contracts, we are told that the judges across the water are biased in favor of "the interests" and that a Canadian court which is in touch with Canadian feeling should have the last



THE NEW FRENCH CABINET IN SESSION

From left to right: Berard, Gailshau, Sleg, Premier Poincare, Lebrun, Dupuy, Klotz, Chauvet, Bourgeois, Milleand, Delcasse Pams, Briand, Besnard.

American Press Service



THE RECENT FLOODS 'N PARIS

(Continued on Page 8)

He Spared The Moose

All about me were signs of moose. The whole mountain top (with new respect I now regarded it as one huge moose-yard. More than once during the afternoon I had heard then, scampering through the bush at the side of the trail, but the thick undergrowth obscured them from sight. Later in the afternoon the climb was more gradual the country quite open, with many little knolls between which the trail zig-zagged back and forth. On rounding one of these knolls I saw the bushes move thirty paces ahead, where a spring crossed the trail. I knelt to strip off my pack, and just succeeded in getting the shoulder straps caught around my shoulders when a fine bull moose stepped out of the bushes. He sniffed the air and circled about in my direction, while I remained in my humble attitude, trying to free myself from the pack straps. Once he stopped behind a large rock, and I managed to free myself, but he came on again, trying to get my scent, and when he faced me ten paces away I had my gun pulled and my tree picked. I could see the blue of his eye and the tawny patches on his sides where some of the old hair still remained. He was a noble looking creature and peaceably disposed, thank heaven! My high opinion of him was evidently not reciprocated, for, after a most searching look, he swung his great head around and hastily took a southeasterly course for the thick timber.

While the afternoon sun was still well above the horizon, I came to a spring of pure mountain water gurgling over its mossy rocks, and I decided to camp there for the night. Here I found some fine canoe birch, fully two feet thick at the base, and as straight and smooth as a young pine. In case of rain all that was necessary was to strip off a piece large enough to cover me, and I would be as dry as if protected by the finest tarpaulin. After I had made some tea I still kept the fire going, as the night was chilly and the fuel plentiful.

Only once during the night did I awaken from my delicious slumber on my sweet scented bed. Down at the spring some twigs were crackling, while I supposed to be caused by a moose after a drink. I took occasion to pile some more logs on the fire before rolling up in my blankets again. Duncan Armstrong, in the Canadian Magazine for February.

ALBERTA'S INDIAN SUMMER

With wide expanding splendour on the world,
Neath lucent blue of calm October skies,
O'er virgin prairies fraught with high emprise
Alberta's Indian summer doth unfold.
She, haply, like King Midas, famed of old,
Hath magic touch, and with this sheen of gold
She paints a glorious world ere summer dies,
To thrill sad hearts and gladden all men's eyes.

Forget, forgive, and love thee once again.
—Elizabeth Baileye, in the "Canadian Magazine."



A Toast

(By E. Pauline Johnson, Vancouver Local Council of Women).

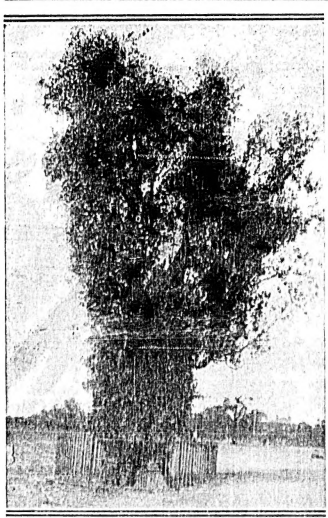
There's wine in the cup, Vancouver,
And there's warmth in my heart for you,
While I drink to your health, your youth and your wealth
And the things that you yet will do.
In a vintage rare and olden,
With a flavor fine and keen,
Fill the glass to the edge while I stand up to pledge
My faith to my western queen.

And here's to the days that are coming,
And here's to the days that are gone,
And here's to your gold and your spirit bold,
And your luck that has held its own;
And here's to your hands so sturdy,
And here's to your heart so true,
And here's to the speed of the day decreed
That brings me again to you.

Then here's a ho! Vancouver, in wine of the bonniest hue,
With a land o' my hip and the cup at my lip,
And a love in my life for you;
For you are a jolly good fellow,
With a great big heart, I know,
So I drink this toast
To the queen of the coast—
Vancouver, here's to you.

"Strong Denunciation of So-Called Society" I read in bold headlines over a column-and-a-half report of a sermon preached by a local preacher in the Empire Theatre last Sunday. "A striking denunciation," were the first few words which followed, and being more than a little interested in the "So-Called," I settled down for what I hoped would be ten minutes of solid enjoyment. Possibly the spoken words of the denunciator were more convincing than the report of the case he made out, but certainly even allowing that he declaimed his "scathing" indictment, in the loudest possible ministerial tones, the Rev. gentleman can hardly be said to have added any particularly new or brilliant thought to a very old, always sensational, and now a threadbare subject.

Maybe the zeal of the young reporter outran his good judgment when he made use of those expres-



FAMOUS SOUTH LONDON LANDMARK DOOMED

The "Spurgeon Poplar" is in danger of destruction. This tree, which is over half a century old and fast decaying, received its name from the fact that many years ago during a thunderstorm a gardener took refuge under it and was struck by lightning and killed. On the following Sunday Dr. Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher, spoke on the spot and collected a substantial amount for the gardener's American Press Service. widow.



SUGGESTED TO SUCCEED THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE HARLAN

This is Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, L.L.D., one of the two women whom the District of Columbia Woman Suffrage Association has requested President Taft to consider for the vacancy on the Supreme Court Bench caused by the death of Justice Harlan. Mrs. Mussey has been practising law in Washington for over twenty years; is counsel for several national, patriotic and labor organizations; is one of the founders of the American National Red Cross; past president of the Legion of Loyal Women; and dean and founder of Washington College.

Secured from Congress a bill giving mothers in the District of Columbia the same right to their children as the fathers, also giving married women the right to do business and control their own earnings. Underwood & Underwood, New York.

sions "strong" and "striking," for even after a second perusal of Mr. Patterson's address, I see no sinners were not necessarily people of brains, cul-de-sac. It is always foolish to indulge in general statements. It requires no courage to do so, nor have such arguments either pith or application.

"Society," so-called or otherwise, what is it but a collection of individuals?

Now, individuals, whether "in" society or not, are not made stock-pattern fashion, therefore for Mr. Patterson to brand a whole for what he may have found, or thought he found in a part or a person, is as foolish as for me to tell him that I despise all clergymen because I have found some of them the most arrant hypocrites.

"Wrong in the abstract," described in the Bigelow Papers.

"As that kind of wrong which is always unpopular, and never gets pitted. It's a kind what no fellow has ever committed."

has ever been a favorite topic for the preacher. It commits him to nothing. All the congregation flatter themselves he is hitting at "the other fellow." It's when he gets down to dealing with particular sins, that a minister begins to choose his language with regard to the occupants of the best-padded pews.

Mr. Patterson was quite specific as to who he meant by "Society." He defined it "as that portion of a community whose doings were reported in the society columns of the daily newspapers." Its members were not necessarily people of brains, culture, or refinement—and so on and so forth.

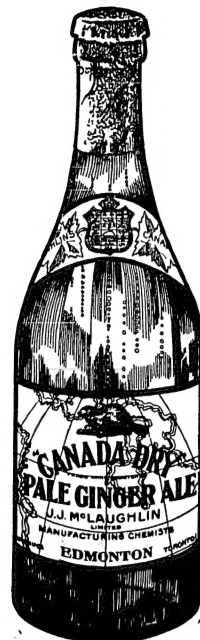
Where have I heard it all before?

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Now perhaps as one of those who reports the "doings" of this So-Called class I may be said to know quite as much about them, as does Mr. Patterson, who merely peeks through the door of a sermon at them.

Its members do not live in a hive, they are scattered in the most prominent, and in many cases, the most useful, homes in a community. They are the people who for one reason or another, are before the public eye. Their birth, accomplishments, money or position, may bring them there. Indeed any of a great many circumstances may have brought them forward. But there they are. They are persons of some consequence. Persons to be

McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals—Appetizing, Refreshing—
All Grocers and Liquor Stores

Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old Port
A Bottle of Good Sherry

A Bottle of 50 year old Brandy
A Bottle of 25 year old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.
Phone 1911 246 Jasper Ave. E.

FURS

Have your Furs made to suit your special taste. Please order early.

Alexander-Hilpert Fur Co.
619 Jasper W. Phone 4094

J.B. Mercer

Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Agents for Calgary Beer, Mackie's White Horse Whiskey, Stanley Mineral Waters and Dry Ginger Ale.

PHONE 1415

EDMONTON

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review
Published by
Saturday News, Limited.
Subscription Rates:
Subscription \$1.00 per year
Single copies in Canada \$1.10 per year
Foreign \$1.25 per year



LEGAL

SHORT, CROSS & BIGGAR
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Wm. Short, K.C. Hon. G. W. Cross
J. M. Short, D. W. Biggar
Office: Merchants Bank Building.
MONEY TO LOAN.

EMERY, NEWELL, FORD, BOLTON & MOUNT
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
S. J. Emery, Frank Ford, K.O.
J. P. Newell & Bolton, C. B. & Mount
Office: Canada Permanent Building,
McIntosh Avenue.

ROBERTSON, DICKSON & MACDONALD
Barristers and Solicitors
H. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson
J. M. Macdonald
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan
Office: 145 Jasper Avenue E.
MONEY TO LOAN.

HYNDMAN & HYNDMAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
J. D. Hyndman, H. H. Hyndman
Office address: "Damen."
Solicitors for the Royal Bank of Canada
McIntosh Court, Edmonton, Canada.
MONEY TO LOAN.

E. B. COGSWELL
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
235 Jasper Ave., East
Edmonton, Alberta.

RUTHERFORD, JAMIESON & GRANT
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Hon. A. C. Rutherford, F. O. Jamieson,
Chas. H. Grant.
Office: McIntosh Court, Phone 444.
McIntosh: Imp. Bank Bldg. Phone 341.

MEDICAL

C. NEWBERRY COBBETT
M.D., M.Ch., Edin.
624 Fourth Street
Phone: 1795 and 1044.
Consultations: 9:30 a.m. and 1-4 p.m.
Office limited to Surgery, especially all
abdominal diseases and diseases of Women.

DR. W. HAROLD BROWN
Post Graduate of Philadelphia
145 Jasper Avenue, New York Hospital
Practice limited to Gynaecology, especially all
abdominal diseases and diseases of Women.
Office: Credit Foncier Block,
Room 1, 1st and 4th Phone 1319.
Hours: 10 to 12:30; 1:30 to 6 p.m.

OSTEOPATHY

GHOSTLEY and ALBRIGHT
GRADUATE OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS
"Health is synonymous with Wealth and
Prosperity." Osteopathy cures acute and
chronic diseases where other systems fail.
Come to us to call at our office.
Consultations free. Please write for
booklet explaining Osteopathy.
1st and 10th Alberta Block, Phone 4841.
1st and 10th West.

C. VIOLA McNEAL
Graduate under the Founder,
Andrew Taylor Still. Licensed
to practice in Missouri, Idaho and
Washington.
Office: 417 Jasper Ave. W.
Phone 4542.
Residence: 16 Wise Block.
Phone 5297.

ACCOUNTANTS

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS
Registered Architects
P. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
O. Edward Gibbs, M.A., A.A.A.
Imperial Bank Bldg. Jasper St. Edmonton
P.O. Box 978. Phone 1311

JAMES HENDERSON, F.R.I.B.A., A.A.A.
Architects.
Oristall Block, 45 Jasper Ave. West.
Edmonton.

WILSON & HERRARD
Structural and Structural Engineer
Respectively.
Edmonton: Room 16 Credit Foncier Block
Phone 4113.
Saskatoon: Room 1 and 4, Bank Bldg.
Phone 314.

E. C. HOPKINS, F.A.I.C., A.A.C.
Registered Architect.
Phone 1444. 145 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta.

EDMUND WRIGHT
Structural and Consulting Engineer
Plans and Estimates.
200 West & Byrd Block, First Street
Phone 604.

EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
Edward F. Webb
Eyesight Specialist
Graduate Chicago '03
Best known facilities and methods
used in examining the eyes. New
features in cosmetic eye glasses.
Suite 1, 2, 3, 4 Garland Bldg.
Howard & Jasper Ave., Edmonton

TURKISH BATHS

MADAME DE TRO

Turkish Baths
The original and Oldest Estab-
lishment, 420 Namaya Avenue.
Hours by appointment. Consulta-
tion free. Phone 2634.

SURVEYORS

MAURICE KIMPE
Dominion and Alberta Land Surveyor
Vice-President of Institution
145 Jasper Ave. E. Telephone 514

MUSIC

MISS BEATRICE CRAWFORD
Teacher of Piano.
Accompanist.
Studio: Alberta College.

TAILORING

T. HINDLE
Suits and Overcoats Made to Measure.
A select stock of Ready-to-Wear Goods
Always on hand.
Direct Importers of English Made Shirts.
Wholesale and Retail.
Address: 135 Jasper Ave. W.
Room 1. P.O. Box 625. Phone 1074.
Edmonton, Alta.

PANTORIUMS

THE CITY PANTORIUM
W. R. WESTROPE, Prop.
Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing neatly
done.
654 Fourth Street.
Phone 1979.

BAKERS, ETC.

CHARLES BROWN
Baker and Confectioner
"M. M. Breads"

EDMONTON RUBBER STAMP CO.

Makers of Rubber Stamps and
Seals. Dealers in all stamp
supplies.
154 Jasper E., Phone 1536
(Entrance through Edmonton
Drug Co.)

FRANK H. GASSON

Resident Manager for N. Alberta,
General Accident Assurance Co.
Canadian Casualty Boiler Ins. Co.
Traveler Life Assurance Co.
UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
Phones—Office 2666 & 4812.

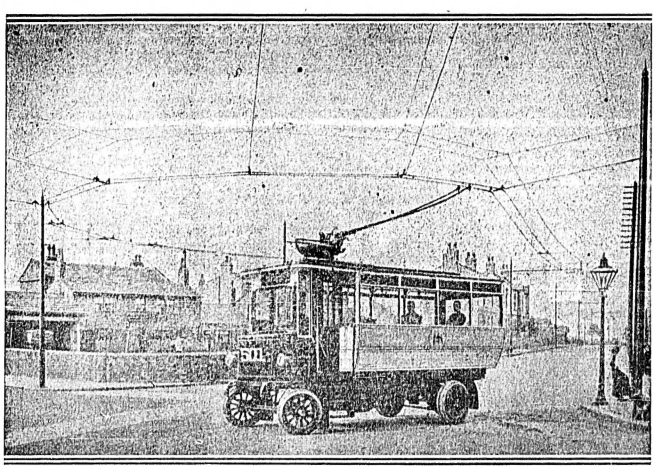
THE PREMIER PANTORIUM

BEST CLASS OF WORK IN
THE CITY
Night & Day Service Phone 5326
Ladies and Gents' Suits Pressed, Re-
paired Cleaned and Hemmed. Goods
called for and delivered at any hour.
342 Jasper E. Phone 5328
Contracts Arranged



The
Original
and
Only
Genuine
—
Beware
of
Imitations
Sold
on the
West
of
Minard's
Liniment

FRANK H. GASSON
Insurance Specialist,
In all Branches
UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
EDMONTON



THE TRACKLESS TROLLEY OPERATING IN BRITAIN
A Bradford "Irim" turning on a loop. —From The World's Work.

reckoned with. In a village a social column is not
needed. The village dressmaker, the barber and
grocer pass along the "news." Now, however
much you may lack interest in the goings and com-
ings of the "big folk," there will always be others
who like to keep in touch with what is going on.
To hear what parties are being given. When ill, or
away from home, to keep in touch with the social
life of their home community.
For Mr. Patterson to insinuate that a social re-
porter or a Society woman, imagines that only the
"girls" whose names are mentioned as being at
such and such affairs, are the only girls "worthy"
of being present, is simple and utter rot.
So long as there are people in the world, there
will be classes and class distinctions. Violets and
Sun-Flowers, the latter no better or sweeter than
the first-named, but more noticeable.

A newspaper and a social column, have no space
for all the people and all the happenings. It is a
law of life that some people and some things will
force their way to the top. Quarrel with life if you
will, but not Society. Society only obeys the laws
that govern the world.

Let the modest violet consider the sunflower and
the sunflower the violet. Both have their place in
the world and can learn of each other. Good and
bad mingle in Society, as they do in every other
life.

Culture is there, and Boorishness. Brains and
Foolish Folk. A Vanity Fair, at your service.
The same people who go to church, populate
"Society."

Their moving in "Society" renders them no whit
different. Character tells in every circle, low or
high, perhaps in the limelight, Society, most of all.
It is so much heresy to say that moving in Society
means living in a "degrading," and "weakening,"
atmosphere.

The woman who lives beyond her means in the
"smart set," or the "fashionable set," or whatever
you like to call it, would live beyond her means in
a shanty.

She is the type of weak woman who is inade-
quate in any environment. While Mr. Patterson is
making the charge that women of fashion mostly
live beyond their incomes, may I be permitted to
ask what example do the churches set us in this
respect?

Are all the fine edifices in the country paid for?
Do no contractors have to wait for their money
on these buildings? Who go about soliciting do-
nations, for a hundred different schemes, oftener
than the same churches?

Who contribute to their causes if not the very
people our preacher imagines are already living be-
yond their means?

Who apply for more free advertising than the
churches and their various societies?
Mr. Patterson instances the case of the dress-
maker kept waiting for her money.

From personal knowledge may I tell him that a
good many hard-working newspaper proprietors
and their families, have seen their papers "go up"
because the churches and philanthropic causes, have
figured, if not literally, black-mailed them, into
giving their bread and butter, namely their adver-
ising, to them, free of cost. Our minister charges
Society with flaunting its display in the faces of the
poor. This, I presume, by means of social notes.

Would he prefer all the little muffin struggles
held in the church, written up to take their place?

Or, the "dry-as-dust" travel talks, and "by the way of my trip to New York."

I find as a matter of fact that persons appreciate
publicly just about as well as any other class I
know, and that they under-rate its value, only when
it comes to paying for it.

If simple clothes be all that should be allowed a
woman, a barracks should or could shelter a con-
gregation.

Indeed though we will none of us ever be satis-
fied with just our needs, we have that in all our
souls, that cries out for beauty.

Where the persons can do their missionary work,
is in placing beauty of character so strongly before
us, that beauty of outward adornment will take sec-
ond place.

But to do this they will have to cease generaliz-
ing; cease attacking "Society," cease sensational
sermons on the "White Slave Traffic" and such
favorite topics. And, instead, come down to indi-
vidual needs and present day necessities, and in
place of holding Mary Magdalen up as a sad but
interesting lesson for a crowd of sensation-mongers
to gloat over, take some of the scoundrels they

(Continued on Page 1)

ECCENTRICITIES OF ST JOHN

The capital of Newfoundland forms the basis of an amusing
sketch by W. Lacey Amy in The
Canadian Magazine for February.

St. John's is one of the most
upright cities in the world, every
other city to the contrary, writes
Mr. Amy. Vertically it is a mile
deep; horizontally it is about six-
teen feet. On the map, if things
were drawn to scale, the "oldest
place in the oldest colony,"
would be so thin a line that no
portable geography could notice
it. Newfoundland will always
fight for globes, with the physical
features closely followed, to sup-
plant maps on paper. Aviation
will never be popular in St. John's.
There is no bird's eye view of it.
But then the air is so rare around
this quaint, old city that an aviator
would probably drop far enough
to get a side view. Then he'd
stop at the first station.

If the children of the original
Thoughtless Man had their work
cut out for them or rather had to
cut out their own work, they have
fallen into the humor with a fa-
cility that alters every custom
known to commerce, transporta-
tion and physiology. There are
no pavements, except on Water
street; cement would never lie
long enough to harden. To uti-
lize cement it would have to be
taken down on the harbor where
the water is comparatively level,
hardened there, placed in position
with extension ladders and glue;
and then the city council would be
forced to provide the people with
air brakes, and parachutes in case
of accident to the valves. On
Water Street, so called because it
is the only street in the city on
which water would even hesitate,
there is a sidewalk. You see it
was necessary there because the
stores ran down to that line from
all parts of the original town site
and stopped long enough to be
fastened. Elsewhere the sliding
else—distinguished from the
roadway by a ditch, cobble-bot-
tomed to prevent the trickling
away of the foundations detain-
houses. In the extreme
of Russia. It is said that he
put his bolster to bed instead of
himself, in an obscure corner
ly-picked, which beats hand-pick-
ing by several series of the fin-
est serges. They proceed down-
wards with an impetuosity that
would satisfy a temperance audi-
ence, but even then they do not
meet conditions, having frequen-
tly to be terminated by stone walls
to get to a lower level that af-
fords fingerhold. Although many
of the roads are so steep that they
cannot be used they are never
grassgrown. The water rushes
down so fast that it discourages
into suicide any blade of grass
that has discovered sufficient of
the horizontal to lie still.

The cars are built like a ladder,
and the freight is piled as closely
as possible to the front space in
going up hill, so that there will be
several rungs to act as obstacles
before the goods finally drop out
at the back. This is true; I've
seen it. Barrels which form one
of the foremost features of com-
merce in the city are built to fit
these spaces in the ladder, so that
nothing short of a back flip on the
part of the horse can dislodge
them. Sometimes a lazy driver
will turn his horse down hill for a
moment, rather than replace the
load at the front.

A NOTORIOUS SPENDTHRIFT

Among the customers at Long's
the famous hotel in Bond Street,
London, which has just closed its
doors, was the last Marquis of
Hastings, the most notorious of
mid-Victorian spendthrifts. Hast-
ings, according to one who knew
him well, "gambled so that not
even the Bank of England, backed
by the Rothschilds, with the
mines of the Transvaal as addi-
tional supports, could have with-
stood the strain." Yet even he
protested at Long's when charged
35c for a whiskey and soda.
The proprietor declared that this
had always been the charge.
"About time it was altered, then,"
retorted the Marquis. Just be-
fore his death Hastings remarked
to a friend, "I've made a pretty
hash of my life. About all the
good I've ever done was to bring
down the price of a whiskey and
soda at Long's."



HOW THE POLE BENDS UNDER LOW BRIDGES
A Leeds trackless trolley close to the curb. —From The World's Work.

He Spared The Moose

All about me were signs of moose. The whole mountain top (with new respect I now regarded it as one huge moose-yard. More than once during the afternoon I had heard then scampering through the bush at the side of the trail, but the thick undergrowth obscured them from sight. Later in the afternoon the climb was more gradual the country quite open, with many little knolls between which the trail zig-zagged back and forth. On rounding one of these knolls I saw the bushes move thirty paces ahead, where a spring crossed the trail. I knelt to strip off my pack, and just succeeded in getting the shoulder straps caught around my shoulders when a fine bull moose stepped out of the bushes. He spilled the air and circled about in my direction, while I remained in my humble attitude, trying to free myself from the pack straps. Once he stopped behind a large rock, and I managed to free myself, but he came on again, trying to get my scent, and when he faced me ten paces away I had my gun pulled and my tree picked. I could see the blue of his eye and the tawny patches on his sides where some of the old hair still remained. He was a noble looking creature and peaceably disposed, thank heaven! My high opinion of him was evidently not reciprocated, for, after a most searching look, he swung his great head around and hastily took a southeasterly course for the thick timber.

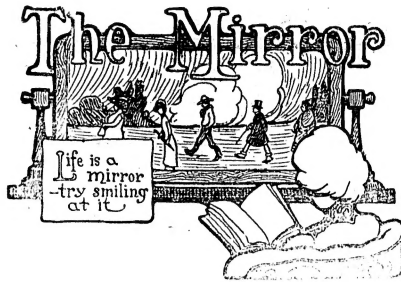
While the afternoon sun was still well above the horizon, I came to a spring of pure mountain water gurgling over its mossy rocks, and I decided to camp there for the night. Here I found some fine canoe birch, fully two feet thick at the base, and as straight and smooth as a young pine. In case of rain all that was necessary was to strip off a piece large enough to cover me, and I would be as dry as if protected by the finest tarpaulin. After I had made some tea I still kept the fire going, as the night was chilly and the fuel plentiful.

Only once during the night did I awaken from my delicious slumber on my sweet scented bed. Down at the spring some twigs were crackling, whic. I supposed to be caused by a moose after a drink. I took occasion to pile some more logs on the fire before rolling up in my blankets again.—Duncan Armstrong, in the Canadian Magazine for February.

ALBERTA'S INDIAN SUMMER

With wide expanding splendour on the world,
Neath lucent blue of calm October skies,
O'er virgin prairies fraught with high emprise
Alberta's Indian summer doth unfold
She, haply, like King Midas, famed of old,
Hath magic touch, and with this sheen of gold
She paints a glorious world ere summer dies,
To thrill sad hearts and gladden all men's eyes.

That bath of sun-
on far-reached
lives itself into my
life's hopes, relieves this
weary strain,
and I, led by the luring light that
Forget, forgive, and love thee
again.
—Elizabeth Baileye, in the "Canadian Magazine."



A Toast

(By E. Pauline Johnson, Vancouver Local Council of Women).

There's wine in the cup, Vancouver,
And there's warmth in my heart for you,
While I drink to your health, your youth and your wealth
And the things that you yet will do.
In a vintage rare and olden,
With a flavor fine and keen,
Fill the glass to the edge while I stand up to pledge
My faith to my western queen.

And here's to the days that are coming,
And here's to the days that are gone,
And here's to your gold and your spirit bold,
And your luck that has held its own;
And here's to your hands so sturdy,
And here's to your heart so true,
And here's to the speed of the day decreed
That brings me again to you.

Then here's a ho! Vancouver, in wine of the bonniest hue,
With a hand o' my hip and the cup at my lip.
And a love in my life for you;
For you are a jolly good fellow,
With a great big heart, I know,
So I drink this toast
To the queen of the coast—
Vancouver, here's to you.

"Strong Denunciation of So-Called Society" I read in bold headlines over a column-and-a-half report of a sermon preached by a local preacher in the Empire Theatre last Sunday. "A striking denunciation," were the first few words which followed, and being more than a little interested in the "So-Called," I settled down for what I hoped would be ten minutes of solid enjoyment. Possibly the spoken words of the denunciator were more convincing than the report of the case he made out, but certainly even allowing that he declaimed his "scathing" indictment, in the loudest possible ministerial tones, the Rev. gentleman can hardly be said to have added any particularly new or brilliant thought to a very old, always sensational, and now a threadbare subject.

Maybe the zeal of the young reporter outran his good judgment when he made use of those expres-



SUGGESTED TO SUCCEED THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE HARLAN

This is Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, L.L.D., one of the two women whom the District of Columbia Woman Suffrage Association has requested President Taft to consider for the vacancy on the Supreme Court Bench caused by the death of Justice Harlan. Mrs. Mussey has been practicing law in Washington for over twenty years; is counsel for several national, patriotic and labor organizations; is one of the founders of the American National Red Cross; past president of the Legion of Loyal Women; and dean and founder of Washington College.

Secured from Congress a bill giving mothers in the District of Columbia the same right to their children as the fathers, also giving married women the right to do business and control their own earnings. Underwood & Underwood, New York.

sions "strong" and "striking," for even after a second perusal of Mr. Patterson's address, I see no sinners were not necessarily people of brains, cul-de-scription. It is always foolish to indulge in general statements. It requires no courage to do so, nor have such arguments either pith or application. "Society," so-called or otherwise, what is it but a collection of individuals?

Now, individuals, whether "in" society or not, are not made stock-pattern fashion, therefore for Mr. Patterson to brand a whole for what he may have found, or thought he found in a part or a person, is as foolish as for me to tell him that I despise all clergymen because I have found some of them the most ardent hypocrites.

"Wrong in the abstract," described in the Bigelow Papers.

"As that kind of wrong which is always unpopular, and never gets pitied. It's a kind what no fellow has ever committed."

has ever been a favorite topic for the preacher.

It commits him to nothing. All the congregation flatter themselves he is hitting at "the other fellow." It's when he gets down to dealing with particular sins, that a minister begins to choose his language with regard to the occupants of the best-padded pews.

Mr. Patterson was quite specific as to who he meant by "Society." He defined it "as that portion of a community whose doings were reported in the society columns of the daily newspapers." Its members were not necessarily people of brains, culture, or refinement—and so on and so forth.

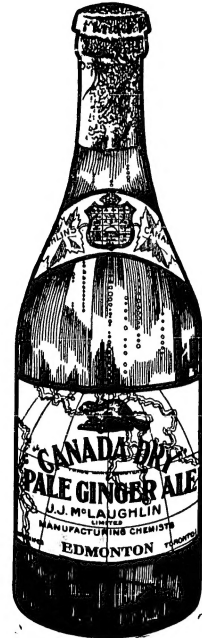
Where have I heard it all before?

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Now perhaps as one of those who reports the "doings" of this So-Called class I may be said to know quite as much about them, as does Mr. Patterson, who merely peeks through the door of a sermon at them.

Its members do not live in a hive, they are scattered in the most prominent, and in many cases, the most useful, homes in a community. They are the people who for one reason or another, are before the public eye. Their birth, accomplishments, money or position, may bring them there. Indeed any of a great many circumstances may have brought them forward. But there they are. They are persons of some consequence. Persons to be

McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals—Appetizing, Refreshing—
All Grocers and Liquor Stores

Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old Port

A Bottle of Good Sherry

A Bottle of 50 year old Brandy

A Bottle of 25 year old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.
Phone 1911 246 Jasper Ave. E.

FURS

Have your Furs made to suit your special taste. Please order early.

Alexander-Hilpert Fur Co.
619 Jasper W. Phone 4094

J.B. Mercer

Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Agents for Calgary Beer, Mackie's White Horse Whiskey, Stanley Mineral Waters and Dry Ginger Ale.

PHONE 1415

EDMONTON



FAMOUS SOUTH LONDON LANDMARK DOOMED

The "Spergeon Poplar" is in danger of destruction. This tree, which is over half a century old and fast decaying, received its name from the fact that many years ago during a thunderstorm a gardener took refuge under it and was struck by lightning and killed. On the following Sunday Dr. Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher, spoke on the spot and collected a substantial amount for the gardener's American Press Service, widow.

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review
Published by
Saturday News, Limited.
Subscription Rates:
Depositor \$2.00 per year.
Outside points in Canada \$2.50 per year.
Foreign \$3.00 per year.

LEGAL

SHORT, CROSS & BIGGAR
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Wm. Short, R.O. O. M. Biggar.
Hon. C. W. Cross.
Offices: Merchants Bank Building.
MONEY TO LOAN.

EMERY, NEWELL, FORD, BOLTON & MOUNT
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
R. H. Emery, Frank Ford, K.O.
E. Newell, R. H. Bolton, C. H. P. Mount.
Offices: Canada Permanent Building.
McDougall Avenue.

ROBERTSON, DICKSON & MACDONALD
Barristers and Solicitors
J. H. Robertson, H. A. Dickson,
J. M. Macdonald.
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan.
Office: 125 Jasper Avenue E.
MONEY TO LOAN.

HYNDMAN & HYNDMAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
J. D. Hyndman, H. H. Hyndman.
Office address: "Daman."
Solicitors for the Royal Bank of Canada.
McDougall Court, Edmonton, Canada.
MONEY TO LOAN.

E. B. COGSWELL
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
235 Jasper Ave., East
Edmonton, Alberta.

RUTHERFORD, JAMIESON & GRANT
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries.
Hon. A. G. Rutherford, F. O. Jamieson,
Chas. H. Grant.
Offices: McDougall Court, Phone 442.
McDougall: Imp. Bank Bldg. Phone 2422.

MEDICAL

C. NEWBERRY COBBETT
M.D., M.Ch., Edin.
204 Fourth Street.
Phone: 1785 and 1044.
Consultations: 9:30 a.m. and 1:45 p.m.
Specialties limited to Surgery, especially abdominal diseases and Diseases of Women.

DR. W. HAROLD BROWN
Post Graduate of Philadelphia
"Dr. W. Harold Brown and Family."
Office: Credit Foncier Block.
Bldg. 2, 4 and 6. Phone 1516.
Hours: 10 to 12:30; 1:30 to 6 p.m.

OSTEOPATHY

GHOSTLEY AND ALBRIGHT
GRADUATE OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS
"Health is synonymous with Wealth and Power."
Osteopathy cures acute and chronic diseases where other systems fail.
Specialties: Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Headache, Stomachic Disorders, etc.
Consultations: Free. Phone or write for booklet explaining Osteopathy.
1010 Jasper West. Phone 4541.

C. VIOLA McNEAL
Graduate under the Founder,
Andrew Taylor Still. Licensed to
practice in Missouri, Idaho and
Washington.
Office: 417 Jasper Ave. W.
Phone 4542.
Residence: 16 Wise Block.
Phone 5297.

ACCOUNTANTS

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS
Registered Architects
F. Peter Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
G. Lionel Gibbs, M.R.A., A.A.A.
Imperial Bank Bldg., Jasper St. Edmonton.
Phone 1841.

JAMES HENDERSON, F.R.I.B.A., A.A.A.
Architect.
Office: 417 Jasper Ave. West.
Edmonton.

WILSON & HERRARD
Architect and Structural Engineer
Respectively.
Edmonton: Room 16 Credit Foncier Block.
Phone 4211.
Saskatoon: Room 7 and 8, Bank of Montreal.
Phone 214.

E. C. HOPKINS, F.A.I.C., A.A.C.
Registered Architect.
Phone 1524.
125 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta.

EDMUND WRIGHT
Structural and Consulting Engineer
Plans and Estimates.
300 Macfarlane & Ryder Block, First Street.
Phone 4022.

EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
Edward F. Webb
Eyesight Specialist
Graduate Chicago '03
Best known faculties and methods
used in examining the eyes. New
features in cosmetic eye glasses.
Suite 1, 2, 3, 4 Garland Bldg.
Howard & Jasper Ave., Edmonton

TURKISH BATHS

MADAME DE TRO
Turkish Baths
The original and oldest Estab-
lishment, 420. Namayo Avenue.
Hours by appointment. Consulta-
tion free. Phone 2634.

SURVEYORS

MAURICE KIMPE
Dominion and Alberta Land Surveyor
Vice-Consul of Belgium.
248 Jasper Ave. E. Telephone 3038

MUSIC

MISS BEATRICE CRAWFORD
Teacher of Piano.
Accompanist.
Studio: Alberta College.

TAILORING

T. HINDLE
Suits and Overcoats Made to Measure
A select stock of Ready-to-Wear Goods
always on hand.
Direct Importers of English Made Shirts.
Wholesale and Retail.
Address: 125 Jasper Ave. W.
Room 1. P.O. Box 525. Phone 1079.
Edmonton, Alta.

PANTORIUMS

THE CITY PANTORIUM
W. R. WESTROPE, Prop.
Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing Suits
done.
555 Fourth Street.
Phone 1579.

BAKERS, ETC.

CHARLES BROWN
Baker and Confectioner
"M. M. Bread"

EDMONTON RUBBER STAMP CO.
Makers of Rubber Stamps and
Seals. Dealers in all stamp
supplies.
154 Jasper E. Phone 3350
(Entrance through Edmonton
Drug Co.)

FRANK H. GASSON

Resident Manager for N. Alberta,
General Accident Assurance Co.
Canadian Casualty Boiler Ins. Co.
Traveler Life Assurance Co.
UNION BANK CHAMBERS.
Phone—Office 2958 & 4812.

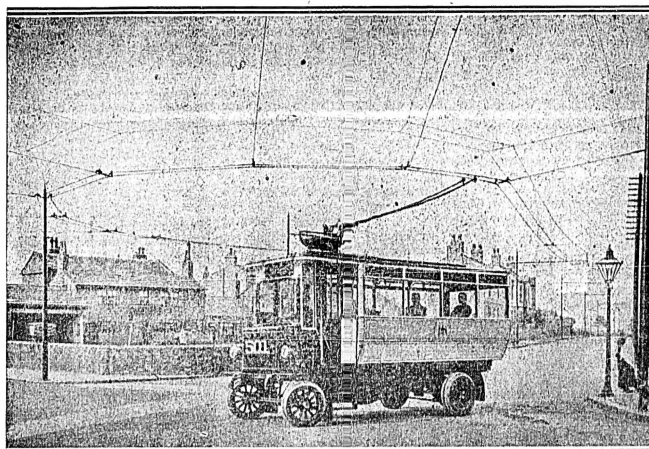
THE PREMIER PANTORIUM
BEST CLASS OF WORK IN
THE CITY
Night & Day Service Phone 2222
Ladies and Gents' Suits Pressed, Re-
paired, Cleaned and Chambrased. Goods
called for and delivered at any hour.
342 Jasper E. Phone 5328
Contracts Arranged



The
Original
and
Only
Genuine
—
Beware
of
Imitations
Sold
on the
Merit
of
Minard's
Liniment

FRANK H. GASSON

Insurance Specialist,
in all Branches
UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
EDMONTON



THE TRACKLESS TROLLEY OPERATING IN BRITAIN
A Bradford "Irim" turning on a loop. —From The World's Work.

reckoned with. In a village a social column is not needed. The village dressmaker, the barber and grocer pass along the "news." Now, however much you may lack interest in the goings and comings of the "big folk," there will always be others who like to keep in touch with what is going on. To hear what parties are being given. When ill, or away from home, to keep in touch with the social life of their home community.

For Mr. Patterson to insinuate that a social reporter or a Society woman, imagines that only the "girls" whose names are mentioned as being at such and such affairs, are the only girls "worthy" of being present, is simple and utter rot.

So long as there are people in the world, there will be classes and class distinctions. Violets and Sun-Flowers, the latter no better or sweeter than the first-named, but more noticeable.

A newspaper and a social column, have no space for all the people and all the happenings. It is a law of life that some people and some things will force their way to the top. Quarrel with life if you will, but not Society. Society only obeys the laws that govern the world.

Let the modest violet consider the sunflower and the sunflower the violet. Both have their place in the world and can learn of each other. Good and bad mingle in Society, as they do in every other walk in life.

Culture is there, and Boorishness. Brains and Foolish Folk. A Vanity Fair, at your service. The same people who go to church, populate "Society."

Their moving in "Society" renders them no whit different. Character tells in every circle, low or high, perhaps in the limelight, Society, most of all. It is so much heresy to say that moving in Society means living in a "degrading" and "weakening" atmosphere.

The woman who lives beyond her means in the "smart set," or the "fashionable set," or whatever you like to call it, would live beyond her means in a shanty.

She is the type of weak woman who is inadequate in any environment. While Mr. Patterson is making the charge that women of fashion mostly live beyond their incomes, may I be permitted to ask what example do the churches set us in this respect?

Are all the fine edifices in the country paid for? Do no contractors have to wait for their money on these buildings? Who go about soliciting donations, for a hundred different societies, often more than the same churches?

Who contribute to their causes if not the very people our preacher imagines are already living beyond their means?

Who apply for more free advertising than the churches and their various societies?

Mr. Patterson instances the case of the dress-maker kept waiting for her money.

From personal knowledge may I tell him that a good many hard-working newspaper proprietors and their families, have seen their papers "go up" because the churches and philanthropic causes, have figuratively, if not literally, black-mailed them, into giving their bread and butter, namely their advertising, to them, free of cost. Our minister charges Society with flaunting its display in the faces of the poor. This, I presume, by means of social notes.

Would he prefer all the little muffin struggles held in the church, written up to take their place?

Or, the "dry-as-dust" travel talks, and "notes by the way of my trip to New York," etc., etc.

Kind as a matter of fact that persons appreciate publicity just about as well as any other class I know, and that they under-rate its value, only when it comes to paying for it.

If simple clothes be all that should be allowed a woman, a barracks should or could shelter a congregation.

Indeed though we will none of us ever be satisfied with just our needs, we have that in all our souls, that cries out for beauty.

Where the persons can do their missionary work, in placing beauty of character so strongly before us, that beauty of outward adornment will take second place.

But to do this they will have to cease generalizing; cease attacking "Society," cease sensational sermons on the "White Slave Traffic" and such favorite topics. And, instead, come down to individual needs and present day necessities, and in place of holding Mary Magdalen up as a sad but interesting lesson for a crowd of sensation-mongers to gloat over, take some of the scoundrels they

(Continued on Page 1)

ECCENTRICITIES OF ST JOHN

The capital of Newfoundland forms the basis of an amusing sketch by W. Lacey Amy in The Canadian Magazine for February.

St. John's is one of the most upright cities in the world, every other city to the contrary, writes Mr. Amy. Verily it is a mile deep; horizontally it is about sixteen feet. On the map, if things were drawn to scale, the "oldest places in the oldest colony," would be so thin a line that no portable geography could notice it.

Newfoundland will always fight for globes, with the physical features closely followed, to support maps on paper. Aviation will never be popular in St. John's. There is no bird's eye view of it. But then the air is so rare around this quaint, old city that an aviator would probably drop far enough to get a side view. Then he'd stop at the first station.

If the children of the original Thoughtless Man had their work cut out for them or rather had to cut out their own work, they have fallen into the humor with a facility that alters every custom known to commerce, transportation and physiology. There are no pavements, except on Water Street; cement won't never lie long enough to harden. To utilize cement it would have to be taken down on the harbor where the water is comparatively level, hardened there, placed in position with extension ladders and glue; and then the city council would be forced to provide the people with air brakes, and parachutes in case of accident to the valves. On Water Street, so called because it is the only street in the city on which water would even hesitate, there is a sidewalk. You see it was necessary there because the stores ran down to that line from all parts of the original town site and stopped long enough to be fastened. Elsewhere the sidewalk else—distinguished from the roadway by a ditch, cobble-bottomed to prevent the trickling away of the foundations of the houses.

The roadways and sidewalks are made up of the finest gravel known to science; they are gravel-picked, which beats hand-picked by several series of the finest screens. They proceed downwards with an impetuosity that would satisfy a temperance audience, but even then they do not meet conditions, having frequently to be terminated by stone walls to get to a lower level that affords fingerhold. Although many of the roads are so steep that they cannot be used they are never grassgrown. The water rushes down so fast that it discourages into suicide any blade of grass that has discovered sufficient of the horizontal to lie still.

The cars are built like a ladder, and the freight is piled as closely as possible to the front space in going uphill, so that there will be several rungs to act as obstacles before the goods finally drop out at the back. This is true; I've seen it. Barrels which form one of the foremost features of commerce in the city are built to fit these spaces in the ladder, so that nothing short of a back flip on the part of the horse can dislodge them. Sometimes a lazy driver will turn his horse down hill for a moment, rather than replace the load at the front.

A NOTORIOUS SPENDTHRIFT

Among the customers at Long's the famous hotel in Bond Street, London, which has just closed its doors, was the last Marquis of Hastings, the most notorious of mid-Victorian spendthrifts. Hastings, according to one who knew him well, "gambled so that not even the Bank of England, backed by the Rothschilds, with the mines of the Transvaal as additional supports, could have withstood the strain." Yet even he protested at Long's when charged 35c for a whiskey and soda. The proprietor declared that this had always been the charge. "About time it was altered, then," retorted the Marquis. Just before his death Hastings remarked to a friend, "I've made a pretty hash of my life. About all the good I've ever done was to bring down the price of a whiskey and soda at Long's."



HOW THE POLE BENDS UNDER LOW BRIDGES
A Leeds trackless trolley close to the curb. —From The World's Work.

RINGING THROUGH BONAVENTURE CO.

Splendid Work Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Doing

Mrs. Norman L. Dow Tells What They Have Done For Her—People Talking of Them on Every Side.

Port Daniel West, Bonaventure Co., Que., March 4. (Special)—Bonaventure County is ringing with the great work done by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and on every side people are telling their neighbors of aches relieved and illness cured by the great Canadian kidney remedy. To the great mass of evidence already published is now added that of Mrs. Norman L. Dow of this place.

"I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as an excellent remedy for rheumatism and palpitation of the heart," said Mrs. Dow. "After using one box I was greatly benefited."

HOW LOUIS NAPOLEON ESCAPED

(From the 'Journal des Debats')

In discussing the origin of Louis Napoleon's nickname of "Hadjin-gue!" some details were given incidentally of his escape from the fortress of Ham in northern France on May 25, 1846. Fuller details are now available, thanks to the researches of M. Thiria, and in view of the escape of Capt. Lux they have a special interest at the present moment.

It seems that the sole credit for the escape must lie with Louis Napoleon himself. He made his valet, Thelin, buy a black wig, some rouge, a cap which was scrubbed with pumice stone and a pair of sabots. Then he cut off his moustache, put on a blue apron, a blue pair of trousers and a close fitting shirt of coarse stuff.

Some workmen were carrying out some repairs to that part of the fortress where the Prince lodged, and this gave color to his disguise, so much so that the two watchmen entertained no suspicions regarding the man who walked past them and out at the great gate, a pipe in his mouth and a plank on his shoulder. The sergeant on duty at the drawbridge was reading a letter as he passed and took no notice of him. It was then five o'clock in the morning.

Four times that day, the last time at five in the afternoon, did the Governor, Demarle, send for the Prince. Each time Dr. Conneau replied that the prisoner could not see anybody, because he had taken medicine. When at last the Governor lost patience and went himself to the Prince's room and walked up to the bed on which the supposed invalid was lying he discovered that a very presentable dummy had taken the place of Louis Napoleon. The discovery was made too late. By that time the fugitive was over the Belgian frontier.

M. MECKLENBURG, A.M.
Sight Specialist

25 Years Experience
313 Jasper E. Phone 5225

Archibald Block,
Edmonton, Alta.

FROM PRINCESS TO PAUPER

One of the most astonishing romances of our times came to an end with the death of Marguerite Antoine, often known as Princess Marguerite, says "Modern Society." This woman, once celebrated throughout Europe for her beauty and wealth, the daughter of a man who carved a kingdom for himself out of the province of Araucania, in Chili, recently died in a Danish poorhouse on the island of Ryegsgade.

According to Meyers, the German encyclopedist, Princess Marguerite Antoine was the daughter of Crellie Antoine, a French adventurer, who ruled as King in Araucania, in Chili, in the middle of the last century. She was born in the southern part of France in 1839. Her father acquired a large fortune by his enterprises in South America, and finally formed a bold project: to carve out a kingdom for himself there. He took with him his daughter, then eighteen, and at the height of her beauty, with the intention of making her a princess.

After months of stormy sailing they looked at last upon the beautiful silver country. It was then unexplored country of Araucania, now a populous province of Chili. The four hundred men—bold, fighting men with Crellie Antoine as their leader—landed and advanced into the interior. For many weary weeks Marguerite waited in a rude hut in one of the villages, and then one day the good news came. A messenger brought word that the people had been conquered, the country taken, and Crellie Antoine had been declared King of the Araucania. The messenger and the Spanish guards around the little hut paid their homage to Princess Marguerite. Her face flushed with triumph, the beautiful Princess started on her journey into the land of silver.

It took this intelligent woman but a few months among the natives of her father's kingdom to realize that the weak, ignorant people of Araucania were quick to learn. It had been easy to conquer them, but it would not be so easy to hold them. She warned her father of his danger. Feeling safe in his position, he laughed at her fears. "My father would not listen to her, then she must take action herself. If these people should suddenly prove themselves stronger than the fighting Spanish men, what then? Ruin, poverty, and perhaps death! Why not get the wealth before they could rise up and overcome the conquerors? For one year this ambitious woman acquired and hoarded the silver that came up in such quantities from the rich mines in her

father's kingdom. She made the natives fashion strong deep boxes from solid pieces of timber, and when the last box was finished and packed with its shining wealth, Princess Marguerite made ready for her long trip across the seas.

While the Princess Marguerite was still upon the voyage home there was a general rising of the natives in Araucania. King Crellie Antoine was killed in the midst of the people he had ruled. In the months before she learned of her father's death, Princess Marguerite had a happy life. The story of her great wealth was told through all Europe. She was called the richest woman in the world. This added much to the attraction of her beauty. She was sought in marriage by sons of the most aristocratic families of Europe. She declined this honor so frequently that at last it was rumored that she could only be won by a Prince of the Blood.

Marguerite, while crossing the English Channel from Dover to Calais, met her fate. During the night, while still near the English shore, the vessel was wrecked by a terrific storm. As the ship sank Princess Marguerite felt herself supported by arms invisible in the darkness. At intervals during the long hours of the night, when the waves beat wildly around her, she was conscious of the same strong arms holding her to the piece of floating timber from the wreck. After many weeks, when she recovered from the shock and the hours spent in the icy waters Princess Marguerite sent for the man who had saved her life. He was a Dane, big and blonde, an officer in the Danish army. In the months that followed, even while returning in full the great love of this man who had battled so bravely for her life, the Princess took all a coquette's pleasure in tormenting him.

Four months from the night of the wreck the Princess gave a sumptuous banquet for fifty guests at the residence she had taken. As the dessert was placed upon the table the big blonde officer, insane with jealousy, rose suddenly to his feet. He waited, and when silence came, he raised his glass and spoke to the beautiful woman at the head of the table. "I have given you all I had to give—I now give you my life!" He drained to the last drop the wine into which he had poured a deadly poison, and fell dying to the floor. In an agony of sorrow and remorse, the Princess dropped by the stiffening body, calling his name and assuring him, too late, of her love.

Soon after the tragic death of her lover, Princess Marguerite learned of her father's assassination by the natives of Araucania. She spent many years in travel in an effort to forget her sorrows.

She gave away much of her money and lost the rest of it through swindles and financial misfortunes. In a short time the beautiful Princess Marguerite became but a memory to the people of Europe.

The feeble, weak, half-starved woman, after many months of hardship and misery, wandered to Copenhagen, the birthplace of the brave Danish officer who had loved so deeply. For years she lived there, alone and friendless. Every day at the same hour the little shabby old woman, leaning on a stick, could be seen toiling to the cemetery. There, under the shade of the trees, Marguerite Antoine would sit for hours dreaming of the past by the grave of the man she had loved yet killed.

Why didn't King Midas, the gold lover, try to save 10 cents a week? He could have given the world a wonderful example of the value of the saving habit. Besides, he would have left money for the members of his family alive today. Midas was one of the kings of Phrygia. As the Phrygian line was wiped out by the Cimmerians about 670 B.C., we may assume he lived about 800 B.C., or at least 2711 years ago.

If King Midas had started in saving 10 cents a week he would have saved a dime, therefore no less than 140,870 cents. This would make him the next little sum of \$14,087.20. Although not a fortune in these days \$14,087.20 is quite a fair sum to save by giving up one cigar a week. But there is more to follow.

In those days of political upheaval and commercial uncertainty, capital was entitled to a bigger return on its investment than it would be today. The risk was much greater. Though we have no actual records of Phrygian rates of usury it is fair to assume that the Midas's account drew 10 per cent interest compounded annually for at least the first 2000 years, or until the commercial world had reached a comparatively recent stage of development.

Beginning, therefore, 800 years before Christ, Midas put into his savings 10 cents every week. At the end of the first 10 weeks he had a dollar. The interest on \$1 for one year is not great, even at 10 per cent, but it adds another dime to the second year there is something more than two times to be added.

At the end of the first hundred years the accumulations on the first dollar at 10 per cent compounded, would be \$13,780.66. Thus Midas, in the year 700 B.C., would have had \$13,780.66, resulting from his first 10 weeks' saving. The compounding goes on through the next century, so that at the end of 200 years or in the year 500 B.C. Midas would have had \$189,906,590.04 from his first dollar.

At the end of the next hundred years, or in 400 B.C., the results from those first 10 dimes put away would be \$2,619,038,149,100.63. Continuing this compounding through the following 2411 years it is not a complicated mathematical problem to arrive at the sum Midas would have today, from his first \$1 saved.

Remember, moreover, this sum which would be up among the uncountable trillions of dollars, would represent the increment of only \$1 put away by Midas. Midas himself, busily saving dimes, would have started a new series of dollar pyramids every 10 weeks. At the end of the first year's saving he would have started 5 1-2 of these stupendous fortunes. To compare any one of those with the \$14,087.20 he would have saved if he had received no interest, certainly presents the interest habit in a favorable light.

King Midas will be remembered as the man who loved gold so much that he asked Dionysius to turn everything he touched into gold. Dionysius did so, but at the end of the second day Midas came back and said: "Dionysius, everything I touch turns to gold, but I'm starving to death. Every time I grab a sandwich it turns 22 carat. Say, I wish this gold habit off me before I starve." Dionysius therefore had Midas bathe in the river Pactolus and Midas's gold sank into the river sands and became a placer mine.

'Just Snaps Nothing More'

For the Convenience of Clients my office will be Open Evenings

CROMDALE PLACE. Blk. 2, \$1250; half cash, 6 and 12.
W. DELTON. Blk. 1, \$675; \$360 cash.
DELTON. Blk. 41, double corner, \$650; half cash.
W. DELTON. Blk. 3, corner lot, \$700; half cash.
DELTON. 5 lots, blk. 26, \$525 each; half cash each.
PARKDALE. Double corner, blk. 109, \$1250; half cash.
ROSSLYN. Corner on First Street and corner on Namayo, blk. 11, \$400 each; quarter cash; also two lots on First Street, \$300 each; quarter cash, 6, 12 and 18 months.

RIVER VIEW. Double corner, blk. 2 \$2200; half cash.
SANTA ROSE. 3 lots, blk. 1 on Alberta, \$2800; \$1200 cash.
WESTGROVE. Blk. 7, \$700, \$375 cash.
WESTMOUNT. Blk. 42, double corner, \$1700; \$856 cash.
WESTMOUNT. Blk. 46, \$900; \$575 cash.
WOODLAND. Two houses, blk. 2, \$1400 each, \$350 cash; bal. easy.
CAPITAL HILL. Blk. 7, \$2,000; half cash.
CAPITAL HILL. Blk. 5, \$2,000; half cash.
EVANSTON. Blk. 8, \$1400; \$800 cash.
EVANSTON. Blk. 12, \$800; \$425 cash.

BEECHMOUNT. Blk. 4, \$1,050 on First Street; half cash.
NORTHCOTE. Blk. 16, double corner, First Street, \$3,200; half cash.
WESTWOOD. Blk. 1, \$1,850; one-third cash. This is a corner.
WESTWOOD. Blk. 6, two lots, \$1550 each; \$850 cash.
H.B.R. Blk. 7, \$4,000; half cash.
H.B.R. Blk. 9, \$12,500; \$7,050 cash, 1 and 2 years.
H.B.R. Blk. 10, corner, 50 by 100 ft., \$3500; \$2000 cash.
H.B.R. Blk. 11, \$3000; \$1,600 cash.
H.B.R. Blk. 12, \$10,000; \$500 cash.
H.B.R. Blk. 16, \$3600; half cash.
NORWOOD. First Street, blk. 3, \$6700; \$3750 cash.
NORWOOD. Double corner, blk. 75, \$1600; \$925 cash.
NORWOOD. Blk. 70, \$750; half cash.
STRATHCONA. Blk. 128, two lots, \$1150 each; \$600 cash each.
WINDSOR PARK. Blk. 21, \$1600, \$750 cash; 1 and 2 years.
GARNEAU. Blk. 2, \$1175, \$575 cash.
FARMS—Several close to the city.
DELTON—Some splendid buys.

F. FRASER TIMS

120 MacDougall Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Phone 4265

Call and See Our List in . . WOODLAND GARNEAU

Apply

C. A. LOWE

637 FIRST STREET PHONE 4511

Undertakers

Private Chaplain and Ambulance
Lady Assistant When Required
Parlors on Fifth Street and Jasper Ave.
McCOPPEN & LAMBERT LTD. Office Phone 4518 Stable Phone 1808

1912 CONTEST
COUNT THE Xs AND Ts
\$100.00
GIVEN AWAY
And many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).
This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Count the Xs and Ts in the Square, and write the number of each that you count neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once.
SPEARMINT GUM & PREMIUM CO., Montreal, P.Q. Dep. A



UP AGAINST IT

Theatrical Manager: "You're a comedian, eh?"
Applicant for Employment: "Yes, sir."
Theatrical Manager: "Ever make people laugh?"
Applicant for Employment: "Yes, sir."
Theatrical Manager: "Well, make me laugh!"

—Sydney Bulletin.

Advertise in the "News"

Every Eddy Match Is a Sure Safe Light

When you strike an Eddy Match it always lights easily and burns smoothly, with a steady even flame.

These perfect matches come from first-class materials and mechanically perfect machines under the supervision of skilled workmen.

Eddy's Matches are always full M.M. count. For sale by all good dealers everywhere.

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED
Hull, Canada. Makers also of Wooden Pails, Tubs Etc.

LOVELY PLANTS

AZALEAS Fine Bushy Plants well filled with bloom

RHODODENDIONS just a few of these magnificent plants

Besides these we have a fine assortment of **FERNS, PALMS, ARAUCARIAS, OXALIS CINERARIAS, &c.**

Phone 1292
Ramsay's Greenhouses

FREE \$100.00

WIN	8	21	14	4	18	5	4	WIN
A	4	18	12	12	1	18	19	A
PRIZE	7	9	22	5	14			PRIZE
	1	23	1	25				

GIVEN AWAY

And many other Prizes according to the simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

Each one of the above four lines of figures spells a word. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, and so on, throughout the alphabet. **ACT QUICKLY.**

This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Write the four words, with your name and address, neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. **ACT PROMPTLY.**

DOMINION PREMIUM CO., 210 St. James St. (Dept. E 1) MONTREAL.

EMPIRE THEATRE

In Aid of The Canadian Handicrafts Guild

Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club
EARL GREY TROPHY WINNERS

will present on

Monday and Tuesday, March 11-12

"John Bull's Other Island"

By George Bernard Shaw

On Wednesday, March 13th

"The Rising of the Moon"

By Lady Gregory

and

"In Honour Bound"

By Sydney Grundy

Advertise in the "News"

Music and Drama

Rex Beach's play, "The Barrier," which visited Edmonton last summer, returned this week and was greeted by large houses. It is full of sufficient thrills to satisfy the most jaded and the company does some exceedingly clever work. Miss Grace Johnson was a satisfactory successor to Helen Barham in the role of Necia while Mr. Norval McGregor demonstrated remarkable versatility in essaying that of John Gale. His first appearance in Edmonton was as the husband in Ibsen's "The Doll's House," a portrayal not easily forgotten, while on the last visit of "The Barrier" he was the young officer. None of these parts have anything in common.

Winnipeg amateurs are putting on a light opera next week, "The Bells of Barcelona," the music written by Dr. Ralph Horner and the lyrics by Mr. E. Webb, both of the Manitoba city.

The other day on the occasion of the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, the American novelist, W. D. Howell, thus spoke of his love for the stage, which, coming from such a source, is worth paying particular attention to:—

"And as to the theatre," he said "I have always loved it! During the last years of my wife's life it became a real passion with us to go to the vaudeville, sometimes two or three times a week. It was the joy of going to the cafe for the Spaniard or the Italian. We could go for a very moderate sum, have a good seat, and a good performance and pass an entire afternoon. I think this the most civilized form of mimetic entertainment we have.

"It was while I was a boy out in Hamilton, Ohio, that I had my first glimpse of the stage. My father.

formance of "King Lear" that William Winter—the dean of American dramatic critics, and the foremost writer on stage subjects—declared Mr. Mantell to be the leader of the stage in this continent. The public will enjoy a rare privilege when the distinguished actor appears in this great role at the Empire Theatre, Thursday night only.

The legend of King Lear and his three daughters, existed in the mediaeval ages, in the Latin and French versions, and is also found in Holinshed's Chronicles of England, whence Shakespeare obtained the material for this drama which he wrote in 1605. Lear is especially a play of the breach of family ties—a play of horrors, of cruelty to fathers, brothers and sisters, by those who should have loved them dearest. Lear, as he is first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, so foolish to the top of his bent, so terribly unjust not only to Cordelia but to Kent, that we feel hardly any punishment is too severe for him. Stripped of power by his own rash folly, his own fool teaches him what a fool he has been. When he has come to himself, cut off the flatterers who surrounded him, and realizes the consequences of his unwisdom, our sympathy for him melts into tender pity. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her, seeking her blessing, his lamentations over her corpse, are exceeded by nothing in Shakespeare. Note the wonderful power of this last scene—the poor old king bending with piteous lamentations over the dead body of his murdered daughter, trying to raise her life, and, failing, relapsing into the dread torpor of despairing insanity.

Owing to the magnitude of Robert B. Mantell's production of "Julius Caesar" it has been found impossible to stage the great Roman tragedy on the stage of the Empire Theatre. This decision was reached yesterday when H. S. Alward, Mr. Mantell's advance manager reached Edmonton.

It has been decided to give "King Lear," one of



KING LEAR

At the Empire Theatre, on night, Thursday, March 14.

a country newspaper editor, used to print the handbills for a troupe of players, a family named Bateman, who came up from Cincinnati, and spent the winter in our little town. My father had free tickets to all the performances, of course, and I went all the time. Later on the Bateman family—father, mother, and two girls—went to England and lived and died there. It is interesting to recall that this same Bateman who used to play out in our little Ohio town, finally became the owner of theatres where Henry Irving played, and was, in fact, Irving's histrionic god-father.

"It was after we had moved from Hamilton, and were living in Dayton, that, still as a boy, I saw all the great tragedies of Shakespeare, and fine old-fashioned plays like 'The Wife,' 'Pizarro,' and 'The Stranger' and 'Barbarossa.' At that time Dayton was a town of perhaps ten or twelve thousand people and did not support this strolling company. Sometimes there would be only twenty or thirty in the audience, drum up business as they could, but I was supremely satisfied, for, while my father could not count on being paid for printing the bills, I could go in free whenever I liked—which was practically every performance.

"My boyish fancy was taken especially with the villain of that company, whom I adored, because he had a fierce black moustache in the plays, it didn't lessen my appreciation of him when he used to appear at the printing office next day, with a copy for a new set of playbills, wearing the blond moustache that nature intended."

It was after witnessing Robert B. Mantell's per-

formance of "King Lear" that William Winter—the dean of American dramatic critics, and the foremost writer on stage subjects—declared Mr. Mantell to be the leader of the stage in this continent.

Mr. Mantell is the only English speaking actor in the world today, who includes "King Lear," one of the most stupendous roles ever given a player, in his repertoire, and he has made the part all his own. The tragedy is stunningly mounted and requires the full strength of the star's supporting company of 42 actors.

On Monday and Tuesday, 11th and 12th March, the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club will present "John Bull's Other Island" by Geo. Bernard Shaw. This is universally acknowledged to be Shaw's masterpiece. It may perhaps also be said to be his most popular play, and is without doubt to those who themselves or whose parents first saw the light of day in Ireland. It is peculiarly interesting in the present condition of politics which concern the relations between England and Ireland and the anxiously awaited result of the Home Rule Bill which is to be introduced in the British House of Commons during this present month of March.

It is understood that the Club will present on the evening of Wednesday, March 13th, two charming one act plays, "In Honour Bound" by Sydney Grundy and "Rising of Moon," by Lady Gregory.

Hitherto the Dramatic Club have worked under the most trying circumstances and against very great odds. With all this, they were successful in

CHIC
MEMORANDUM
OF THE CHIC SYSTEM OF LOANING

LET US LOAN
You the Money At

5 Per Cent

TO BUY OR BUILD
Pay off Mortgages.
Or Improve Real Estate.

See Our Plan
Write, Phone or Call

The Canadian Home Investment Co., Ltd.
300-302 Moser & Ryder Bldg.
Phone 2218, Edmonton, Alta.
(Opposite King Edward Hotel on First St.)
HOME OFFICE: Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C.

PRISONS

How Col. Saussier Got Out of Grandenz—Gen. Zurlinden's Feat

About a dozen precedents for the escape of Captain Lux from his German prison can be found in the history of the Franco-German war, and a large proportion of the heroes of them lived to become famous.

A notable case was that of General (then Colonel) Saussier, ultimately commander in chief of the French army, who was detained at Grandenz, in the extreme east of Prussia. It is said that he put his bolster to bed instead of himself, hid in an obscure corner of the fortress until nightfall, and then, having obtained a disguise by the help of his orderly, was allowed to walk out of the main prison gate.

He crossed the frontier to Poland and returned to France by way of Austria and Italy.

Gen. Zurlinden was another prisoner who got out of his prison at Glogau in Silesia, on Christmas eve. He made his way in disguise through Berlin, Frankfurt and Carlsruhe to Basle, a feat which was not difficult for him, as, being an Alsatian, he spoke German quite as well as his jailers.

Thirdly, we may note the experiences of M. Paul Deroulede, who escaped from Breslau, and it is piquant to recall that the vehement anti-Semite did not disdain to disguise himself as a Polish Jew. He was very nearly betrayed by a peasant whom he had bribed to guide him into Bohemia; but he threw his knife with a ferocious gesture and the peasant changed his mind with the result that M. Deroulede, saw the final fights of the war as a sub-lieutenant of Turcos.

CITY OF EDMONTON

Assessment—1912.

Public notice is hereby given that the Assessment of the City of Edmonton for the current year is now being compiled and Owners and Agents are respectively requested to forward a list of the properties and particularly a list of the changes since last assessment; and the School they wish to support; in order to be able to make an Assessment Roll as complete and perfect as possible, which will be the basis from which the 1912 Voters' Lists will be compiled. Lists affecting the north side of the river should be mailed in the City Hall, 34 Fraser Ave., and those for the south side of the river to the City Hall, 25 Main Street N., Edmonton, South.

The Assessment Roll must be completed on or before the 30th Day of April next.
D. M. McMILLAN,
City Assessor.
Edmonton, Feb. 7, 1912.
Feb. 17 Mar. 2 Apr. 6

(Continued on Page 8)

SHOULD THE LITERARY MAN MARRY?

No one has put the case so pertinently as De Quincey, when he says that the wives and children of literary men create for them the deadliest of their anxieties. It is they who stuff the writing man's pillow with thorns and surround his daily life with snares. To a man of family who has no resources except what his pen may yield, what a maddening thought it is that some day he may be faced to face with sudden failure of his resources, and to know that instant ruin attends his failure to exert so delicate an organ as the creative intellect. De Quincey suffered this terrible anxiety; and so did Burns, perhaps even more poignantly.

Balzac says that the author should have neither wife nor children, that he should in common honesty to others tread his path alone, and Spielhagen, the great German novelist, Flaubert, Byron, Walter Savage Landor, and others reinforce this opinion. Yet, if there is a man in the world needs the love and sympathy of a wife, it is the literary man. But in literature's annals the fact stands forth that, of all men, authors have been the least happy in their domestic lives. Shakespeare, from his own bitter experience, announced that a young man married is a man that's mired. Milton sang of "Paradise Lost," and he experienced it with three successive wives. Addison escaped from his Countess to Will's Coffee House, and the geniality of Steele and fellow writers. The modern author escapes through the Divorce Court, whither Bulwer-Lytton and Byron would have found their release had they been of today. Dickens' domestic troubles have never been satisfactorily explained, but he said it was a case of incompatibility of temper—whose, he did not state. And it is much, this incompatibility of temper—temperament, too—from Xanthippe downward—which, apart from the living wage question, lies at the back of the question.

There have been wives who were to their author-husbands both their comfort and their stay. Lamartine and John Stuart Mill life partners who were perfectly congenial. Beaconsfield, in his dedication in "Sibyl," terms his "a perfect wife." Dr. Johnson's "Letty" made him very happy, and he never ceased to miss her and mourn her death. Goethe and his wife were as twin-souls, and so were that incomparable pair, Robert Browning and his helpmate. Wordsworth's wife was a "phantom of delight" to him, while Shelley's second venture proved a fortunate choice, the strongest bond of sympathy and affection existing between the married pair. If the literary man will marry, his wife—to get down to the bones and ashes of the matter—should be either a plain-minded woman, who can occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield her husband's peace by taking on herself more than the darning of his socks, or else a woman capable of entering unaggressively into his literary life.—T. P.'s Weekly.

His Chance of Salvation

The baseball-player evangelist Billy Sunday, tells this amusing story of the attempt which was made to convert a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky:

"Jim," in addition to being in need of regeneration of every kind, was hard-headed and stubborn, and he resisted all the missionary work that was done on his behalf. At last, a leading citizen of the little town made a desperate effort to save the sinner's soul.

"Jim," he asked sadly, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't touched by the glory of the Lord that died to save your soul?"

"Humph!" commented Jim, in disgust. "Do you mean to tell me the Lord died to save me when He ain't never seed me, or knowed me?"

"Jim," responded the neighbor hoily, "it wuz a darned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because He never seed you than if He knowed you as well as we-all do!"—Popular Magazine.

Home and Society

Mrs. J. K. Cornwall of Edmonton, who has been spending the winter in California, is expected to arrive in Vancouver soon on her way home, and will visit relatives here. Mrs. Cornwall was formerly Miss Tiernay of this city.—Vancouver Province.

A great many callers made their way on Wednesday to Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald's pretty residence on Fifth Street, where she received for the first time since her marriage.

Mrs. Henry Richards entertained at a very enjoyable musicale on Thursday evening. Mrs. Bayfield of Vancouver being the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson Taylor are back from their trip to California, and report a delightful holiday.

Mrs. Jas. MacKinnon of Vancouver is visiting her son, Mr. Jim MacKinnon, of Twenty-third Street.

Mrs. W. E. Lines leaves with her small family on Saturday, to spend three months at the coast.

I hear that Mr. Lines is starting to build in the early spring on his property in Glenora.

Calgary did Mrs. Arthur Murphy proud when she went down last week to deliver the inaugural address before the Women's Canadian Club. I noticed reports of teas and luncheons galore in her honor, and Calgary just can do this sort of thing well, believe me.

Mrs. Sifton came home on Sunday from a short visit to the southern city.

Miss Lindner who was to have come on for a visit to "Garrykennagh" last week was prevented at the last moment from doing so by illness.

Mrs. Jas. Smith entertained at a pretty luncheon of eight covers on Tuesday, the table being done in lilies-of-the-valley and golden jonquil. The hostess wore a dainty gown of Dresden silk with touches of black, and those present, were:

Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Bayfield, Mrs. Dickey and Mrs. Tom Davies.

The same day Mrs. Harcourt was the hostess of a smart luncheon of ten covers, the guests being: Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Wm. Shorl, Mrs. C. R. Mitchell, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Dyde, Mrs. Revell, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Tery, and Mrs. Thomson for whom the affair was given.

A tall brass basket of pink hyacinths centred the table and candle-lights added to the lovely effect.

Mrs. Harcourt wore a most becoming gown of soft rose satin.

I hear that the dance given by the Edmonton Operatic Society in the Blue Moon on Monday evening, March 19th, in the old Exchange Hotel, McDougall Avenue south. Luncheon will be served from 12 to 2 and tea from 4 to 6.

The ladies of Christ Church are giving a shamrock luncheon and afternoon tea on Tuesday, March 19th, in the old Exchange Hotel, McDougall Avenue south. Luncheon will be served from 12 to 2 and tea from 4 to 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Haylock, who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes, for some time, left on Tuesday for their home in British Columbia.

Mrs. Thomson of Portage La Prairie has been a much-feted guest during her visit to her sister, Mrs.



THE PIERROT RUCHE

Purvis, at the Alberian Capital. Among others who have entertained for her, Mrs. May who had a tea on Saturday, and Mrs. Benson who gave a jolly informal tea-party on Monday, and Mrs. Hector Cowan, who entertained at the tea-hou on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cowan received the large number of callers who dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat, wearing a modish toilette of white lace, veiled in black minon, with rich jet garnitures.

Mrs. Thomson was smartly gowned in mauve satin, with touches of lovely Duchesse lace, and wore a mink hat with bunches of mauve flowers.

At a table prettily done with bright red tulips, Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Purvis presided, Miss Edwards, Miss MacCrimmon and Miss Elsie Stocks assisting in passing the delicious refreshments.

Mrs. M. J. McLeod gave a pretty luncheon of six covers in Mrs. Bayfield's honor on Saturday, receiving her guests in a gown of rich black velvet, with Irish Crochet lace collar and cuffs.

The table was done in lovely pink tulips, and those present were:

Mrs. Hyndman, Sr., Mrs. Bayfield, Mrs. Robert Jones, Mrs. Dan Davies and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman.

Mrs. R. H. Knight and her little family are home from a trip to Florida and the East.

Mrs. Tery was a luncheon hostess on Friday, Miss Currie of Regina being the guest of honor.

She wore a handsome gown of King's blue satin, veiled in black and white striped minon, trimmed with rich jet garnitures.

The table decorations consisted of a beautiful arrangement of yellow tulips in crystal bowls, and the guests were:

Mrs. Duncan Marshall, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. C. R. Mitchell, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. D. S. MacKenzie, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. D. Inglis and Miss Jean McIsaac.

The same afternoon Mrs. Purvis received in honor of her sister, Mrs. Thomson when the rooms were pleasantly crowded with callers anxious to make her acquaintance.

Mrs. Dickins presided at a tea table done in golden daffodils, and Mrs. Benson assisted.

Mrs. Arthur Archibald's delightful and very artistic home on Seventh Street was the scene of two charming luncheons on Thursday and Friday of last week, the first given to a number of the younger set, Miss Campbell, Miss Potter, Miss Cauchon, Miss McIsaac, Miss Belcher, Miss Beck, Miss Brown, Miss Flint and Miss Curry, Mrs. Pincow Wilson assisting her sister in doing the honors, and a second, at which Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Revver Jones, Mrs. Arnauld, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Courtney Fairchild, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. Wallbridge were the invitees.

Mrs. Archibald was handsomely gowned in some lovely shade of green moiré silk, with beautiful lace embroideries in soft tones of pink and green.

Mrs. Pincow Wilson who helped her in entertaining her guests, was a picture in palest mauve brocade, made with the sweetest lace fishu effect, and wore amethyst jewels.

At both luncheons, the table decorations suggested the beautiful Cherry Blossoms.

In the centre on a blue linen embroidered centrepiece stood a tall jar of the exquisite bloom, white stretched to the far corners were soft blue satin streamers, caught at the ends with sprays of cherry blossoms.

Blue embroidered Japanese doilies were at each place and fascinating Jap place-cards, pieced with a really-true peacock's feather. All this was displayed under a huge Japanese parasol, where the guests partook of a most delicious luncheon.

Following coffee, Miss Seymour came in and sang some beautiful songs to love yone's great delight.

MASON & RISCH

—136 Jasper Ave. West—

CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Gramophones and Records

IN CANADA



VICTOR RECORDS OUT TO-DAY

A Few Interesting Selections from the March List

10 inch double-faced 90c for the Two Selections

17037 That Haunting Melody - Al Jolson

Rum Tum Tiddle - Al Jolson

17038 Red Pepper—A Spicy Rag (Banjo) - Fred Van Eps

The Lobsters' Promenade (Banjo) - Fred Van Eps

35213 Louisiana Minstrels - Victor Minstrel Co.

Arkansas Minstrels - Victor Minstrel Co.

CARUSO and JOURNET sing Faure's noble "CRUCIFIX"

89054 Crucifix - Faure

DID YOU HEAR THESE SPLENDID FEBRUARY RECORDS?

10 inch double-faced 90c for the Two Selections

17028 If You Talk in Your Sleep, don't Mention My Name - Billy Murray

Regime Violin - American Quartet

17030 Come to the trail - Henry Burr

It's a Long Lane that has no Turning - Peerless Quartet

Have you heard the wonderful Victor Puzzle Record?

No. 121000 Six selections on one disc. Price \$1.00

FOREIGN RECORDS IN FRENCH, SWEDISH, BOHEMIAN, POLISH AND HUNGARIAN, ETC.

Your Local Dealer Will Play These Records For You

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO., LIMITED

Montreal

WE ARE SPECIAL AGENTS FOR THE

Victor-Berliner Talking Machines

AND CARRY A FULL STOCK OF RECORDS FROM 75c UP

Come in and Hear the Celebrated Puzzled Record, It's a wonder

The Douglas Co., Ltd.

The Home of Good Books

PHONE 1543

111 JASPER AVE. E.

Undertakers
Private Chaplain and Ambulance
Lady Assistant When Required
Parlors on Fifth Street and Jasper Ave.
McCOPPEN & LAMBERT LTD. Office Phone 4515 Stable Phone 1555

FIRE INSURANCE
ROBERT MAYS — Room 5, Crystal Block
Jasper West
Phone 1283

CITIZEN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 110 WINDSOR BLOCK
2 1/2 cents a day; \$1.50 for three months' subscription.
Hours: 9.30 to 11 a.m.; 1.30 to 6.30 p.m.
Tuesday and Saturday evening, 8 to 10.30 p.m.



THE "TATTOO" VEIL IS THE LATEST FAD Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Credit Foncier F.C.

Head Office—Montreal

Capital **\$7,718,133.76** Invested Assets **Over \$35,000,000**

MONEY TO LOAN at **LOWEST RATES**
on improved farms and city property.

Straight Loans No Commission Charged

As the company has ample funds at all times there is no delay in completion of business.

Apply to **G. H. GOWAN**,
Provincial Manager, Edmonton.
Local Agents throughout Alberta.

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.

Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.

Capital Paid Up \$9,000,000

Reserve Fund \$9,000,000

Capital Subscribed \$9,000,000

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West.

G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

Your Savings Account is Solicited.

EYES EXAMINED for GLASSES

*No
Drugs
Used*

The Drug Method in examining Eyes for Glasses is Expensive, often Dangerous and always annoying. It is antiquated. Scientific Methods, Modern Equipment and Long Experience enable us to Guarantee Exact Prescriptions with accurate grinding and adjustment, so that the glasses give **comfort and maximum Efficiency.**

See us for the Latest in Toric Bibocals and New Specialties which keep Eye-Glasses from falling and give stylish and handsome effects.

E. F. WEBB, D.O.

Physical Eye Specialist

SUITE 1-2-3-4 GARLAND BLOCK

102 JASPER E.

PHONE 5839

- Teakettle Inn -

"OPEN ALL DAY"

7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

BREAKFAST-LUNCHEON-SUPPER

Afternoon Tea Served. After Theatre Parties and Catering for Special Functions.

617 FOURTH STREET

National Realty & Investment Co. Ltd.

Financial, Insurance & Estate Agents

Money to Loan

on City Residential Property at Lowest Current Rates

Agents for the

LAW UNION and ROCK INSURANCE Co.

FIRE, ACCIDENT and SICKNESS EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, AUTOMOBILE and all other lines.

PHONE 1181 DOMINION BANK BUILDING
EDMONTON

THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO., LTD.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Private Chapel and Ambulance

186 Rice Street

Phone 1525

THE MIRROR

(Continued from Page 3)

know in their congregations by their coat collars and kick them out of the House of the Lord; Raise up some one poor weeping Mary Magdalen in the city of Edmonton, and instead of lecturing at her, call her "Sister."

I could proceed indefinitely. Could tell Mr. Patterson that some of the hardest working members of his, and every other congregation, the most unselfish workers in every noble and public-spirited cause, are so-called "Society" women. Women who take their cup of afternoon tea with their friends, have their game of cards, instead of "Lotto" and "Tiddley-Winks," look after their children and families as carefully as he probably looks after his, and whose husbands wouldn't trade their "criminals" for any so-called Saint in the land.

Last week I had an article all written in my mind, on Spring, gentle Spring. It was suggested by my bobbing out of my back door to sweep the verandah, and seeing the clothes on the line blowing about in the pleasant fashion that they have when the air is balmy, the wind just kisses them, and not as on those frizzling occasions when Jack Frost twists them into all sorts of misshapen things, and they creak like boards and have to be literally torn from their moorings.

The yard, too, steamed in an ecstasy of contentment. The barn door stood open, and my small son and a goodly number of other people's boys, were deep in the mysteries of that most mysterious surely of all games, marbles.

I never get the hang of it, "Dibs" I know, "Al-lies" are familiar, and I can even spot "onions" and "milks" and "pures" and their imitations, but shrieks of players "hitching" and "dribbling in" and the production of shooting boards, with nails so cunningly arranged that you haven't one in a hundred chances to get through. They are far and away beyond me, and make Bridge look like thirty cents. "Marbles" though, spell Spring more surely than even Robins. Because grown-ups have been known to spot the red-breasted fellows before they themselves had begun to preen their wings for the journey north-ward, while the instinct of boys for seasons is unerring.

Girls, barring skipping-rope time, take little heed of the passing of one climatic change into another.

The dolls that blossom out in their little mistresses' perambulators in the Spring, are the same babies who have done duty all Winter. A new hat maybe, or a frock sewn by loving little fingers, are the only signs of enterprise shown in the matter. Grown-up women—children, strangely enough, reverse this order.

They it is, who with the first signs of mild weather at hand, are the first to waken from their Winter lethargy. Down come the curtains, swish goes the water on the window-panes. Furniture is turned upside down, rooms renovated. The Head of the House is warned that he is not expected home for lunch.

The children step lively, wisely remembering that Mother's temper is none too forbearing, when Spring housecleaning is on.

Of course too, the new millinery and Grand Openings generally, make life more distracting to the woman-child at this time than to the grown-up boy.

Sometimes I wonder, does he sigh as he sees his boy at "marbles," or is real estate activity enough for him.

Out in the middle of the road I see the mud as plain as can be. Oh! I love this time of change and promise, and marbles, and little whisperings under the earth. Even my wise old gold-fish "Nemo" is frisking more merrily in his bowl.

Do you think hats will be large or small this summer

Peggy

"H. D." writes in the Vegreville Observer:

"We read that the game laws are about to be modified, as a consequence of numerous petitions from all over the province. Most of the proposed changes should meet with general approval. No one ought to kick at a \$1.00 gun license, for the purpose of remunerating proper game guardians; and the prohibition of fire-arms to irresponsible kids of tender years whose parents are devoid of common sense or authority, is full of wisdom. But we take strong exception to the 15th of September for the opening of the duck season. This is altogether too late. We perfectly understood that the town sportsmen, from whom the numerous petitions quite undoubtedly emanate, are not anxious to turn out before it is sufficiently cool to allow them to take home their quarry in eatable shape; but the farmers think differently, and find that the ducks come in handy at a time when fresh meat is comparatively scarce in the country; and the Hon. Duncan Marshall—known in Ministerial circles as the Survival of the Fittest—should remember that the farmers have a word to say, too, even if they can't get up petitions quite as easily as the city cousins. As for the protection of the birds, which might be urged as a pretext, it stands to reason that nothing useful can be done in that line except by an understanding with the other provinces and our neighbors to the south.

The Toronto World says: "W. J. Stark, the new manager of the Edmonton Exhibition and Horse Show, was last night presented with a diamond and emerald ring by the Toronto Horse Show directors. He leaves for the west today, to be followed by his family next month."

Mr. Stark has been a conspicuous figure in the horse society life of the city the past decade. A member of them all, and secretary-treasurer of most, they will miss him. The Canadian Pony Society presented their late officer with a travelling bag on retiring. Mr. Stark was for many years a director of the National Exhibition, and at one time chairman of the horse section. He retains his position of secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Harness Association, which is a Dominion organization.

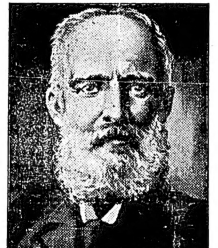
Mr. Stark is still a young man, being born in Stouffville 45 years ago. He was brought up a banker, severing his connection with the Metropolitan to become manager of the Canadian Farm, which he now leaves in a flourishing condition.

TORTURED FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS

I really could not live with out "Fruit-a-lives"

PEWAGHVAL, ONT. Jan. 29th. 1910.
"For thirty-five years (and I am now a man over seventy) I have been a terrible sufferer from Constipation. No matter what remedy or physicians I employed, the result was always the same—impossible to get a cure. About two years ago, I read about 'Fruit-a-lives' and I decided to try them.

I have used 'Fruit-a-lives' ever since. They are the first and only medicine that suited my case. If it were not for 'Fruit-a-lives' I am satisfied that I could not live!" JAMES PROUDFOOT



The greatest remedy in the world for all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, is "Fruit-a-lives". Doctors as well as hundreds of people proclaim it. "Fruit-a-lives" cures all stomach troubles because it makes the liver active, strengthens the kidneys, purifies the blood and keeps the stomach sweet and clean. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy made of fruit juices. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

SOMETHING NEW, HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

A New Style in Amateur Finishing. Come and take a look at some of our samples.

All work delivered in 24 hours.
(WE GUARANTEE THIS)

Phone 5075

**Roger's
Studio**

Opp. Presbyterian Church
219 Jasper Ave. W.
Edmonton, Alta.

M. MECKLENBURG, A.M.

Sight Specialist

25 Years Experience

313 Jasper E. Phone 5225

Archibald Block,

Edmonton, Alta.

Turner's Orchestra

FOR DANCES ETC.

705 14th St. Phone 2088

Jackson Bros. Special

When buying a watch don't forget Jackson Bros. special

\$10.00 Watch

16 size, gold filled 20-year case, fitted with a 17 jewel special movement.

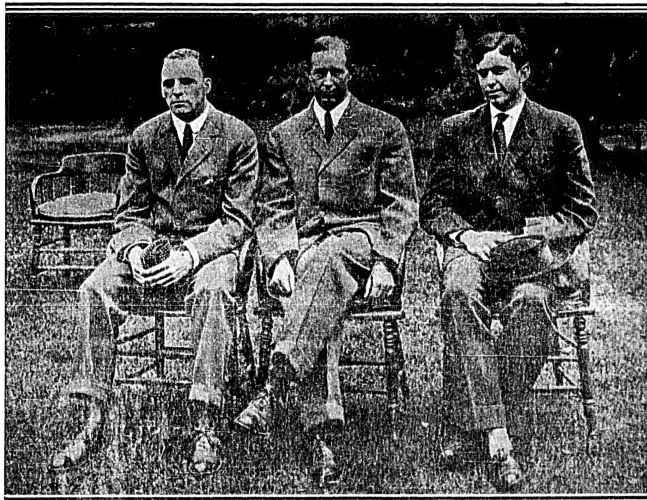
Fully Guaranteed.

JACKSON BROS.

New Store:

237 Jasper Av. E., Edmonton

Marriage Licenses Issued.



THE DEFEATED AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CUP CHALLENGERS

This photograph (left to right): C. Beals Wright, W. H. Larned, and Maurice McLoughlin, who have just returned to America after failing to "lift" the Davis Cup. Larned, seven times holder of the American Championship, suffered severely from rheumatism in Australia, and on the day of his defeat by Heath, the young Australian, he was in physical distress and limped on the court. McLoughlin and Wright did some good work, but were defeated by the brilliant playing of Brookes and Dunlop.

Underwood & Underwood, New York.



A Diamond

It makes no difference—the price or size—for it has had the greatest care in selecting from the many lines shown by leading importers of Europe. And our Factory makes it show off to the Best Advantage by Mounting it in just the right Setting.

Many are to be seen in Platinum and Platinum Tipped Setting with Plain or Fancy Shanks.

The most Beautiful are to be seen at

DIAMOND HALL

ASH

BROTHERS
Diamond Merchants and
Manufacturing Jewelers
111 Jasper Ave. W.
Branch, 350 Namayo.

SPRING OPEN- ING MARCH 7, :: 8 and 9, ::

Full display of Novelties in Gownings and Suitings

A Cordial invitation to
inspect our latest
importations
extended
to all.

Forbes Taylor Co.

Costumiers

233 Jasper W.

The Store Of Quality

WHAT BREAD DO YOU EAT?

If you have never given
"MOTHERS BREAD"

a trial you have missed one
of the good things of life.
Made by machinery
Quality and Cleanliness
our first consideration.
Every loaf guaranteed full
weight.

Made only by

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE

Phone 1327 223 Jasper E.

City Flour Mills

When wanting your next sack of
FLOUR, ask for

"WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all Grocers and Flour
Dealers. Every sack guaranteed.

Campbell & Ottewill

MUSIC AND DRAMA

(Continued from Page 5)

Winnipeg in 1911 against all the best amateur clubs winning the competition, the Earl Grey Trophy at in Canada. The forthcoming production has the double object in view of obtaining funds to send a caste to Ottawa to endeavor to retain the Earl Grey Trophy at this year's competition, which takes place in April; and of assisting the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. It is hoped that the Club will find next week that the public of Edmonton realize that local amateur talent is worthy of appreciation in a very substantial manner.

The appearance of Sir Herbert Tree in vaudeville has been the greatest dramatic sensation of recent times in London. One ver-maker thus celebrates it:

Where be the stars who yesteryear

To playhouse coffers brought the gold,

Who raised the laugh and drew the tear,

Whose art the crowded pit could hold,

While five long acts the story told

With method and sobriety?

In sketches all are now enrolled

Where be the Hamlet and the Lear,

Mark Antony, of massive mould,

The Moor, to Desdemona dear,

The Crookback King, and Romeo bold?

And Juliet, in the moonlight cold

Forgetting strict propriety?

You'll find them wanderers from the fold

At Houses of Variety.

Where be the youth-desiring seer,
For Marguerite his soul who sold?
Mephisto, with Satanic jeer,
Who, while they in the garden strolled,
Dame Martha from her trust cajoled,
And banished her anxiety?
You'll find the operas, new and old,
At Houses of Variety.

Envoi

Prince you may follow—none will scold—

Where now resorts Society,

And play and opera both behold

At Houses of Variety.

Mr. Henry Trotere, composer of "In Old Madrid," a song that was very popular twenty years ago, which made a fortune for the publishers and many thousands of pounds for the composer, is now living in dire poverty at Fulham. He is suffering from an incurable disease. Mr. Trotere lost his fortune in a musical comedy that failed.

Golf Partout

When'er I take my walks abroad
I see the golfer delve the sod;
No matter to what clime I book
That's boomed by Baedeker and Cook
From fair Dieppe to Southern Pau
Le jeu de golf c'est comme il faut;
In Switzerland, or sunny Spain,
I strive to fly from golf in vain,
And e'en Italia's soil has felt
The golf strokes of the conquering Celt,
The hills of Rome look down on links
They've made them even by the Sphinx—
One wonders what the image thinks!
With Pharaoh's dust, with Caesar's clay,
The caddie makes your tee today.

—Golf Illustrated.



Mrs. Bardell faints in Mr. Pickwick's arms. From the sketch made for the original edition of "Pickwick Papers"

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from Page One)

decision in its making. The influencing of the courts by outside opinion is an evil against which it is necessary at all times to strive and the right of appeal to the Privy Council gives a stability to our institutions which is very much needed. These men simply interpret the law as it stands and no municipality that has made a bad bargain has any right to expect the courts to relieve it of the consequence of this. What it should do is to be sure of what it is doing before it enters into an agreement.

What must strike one most forcibly in reading the despatches in reference to the British coal strike is, the extraordinary self-possession which the nation seems to show in the face of so profound a crisis.

This is in very great contrast to what happened last summer when the railway strike was in progress and the success which the state met with in dealing with the emergency is doubtless responsible in a large measure for the changed conditions which we now see.

The last time that there was a national coal strike, twenty years ago, there were serious disturbances. A writer in the Montreal Witness gives his personal recollections of what happened on that occasion.

"Famine stalked through the village, and the poor begged bread from those who were more fortunate. The village parson, as befitting his position in the community, opened up a soup kitchen for the strikers, and the soup was thin. Men stole out at nights to the pit hills and raked up stray bits of bad coal that in former days had been thrown away as useless for fuel. But this was dangerous work. All the children of the village were driven away to farming communities, where they were adopted temporarily by the farmers. The writer well remembers the return of these children. They were driven home in waggonettes, singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and there was great joy in the village.

"The military preserved some semblance of order, but there were times when clashes occurred and bloodshed. On one occasion, the squire, who was a mine owner, was driving home in his carriage, accompanied by his wife when a mob set upon him. He set his horses going at a gallop, followed by the shrieking populace, hurling stones and curses at him and his wife. Seeing that he was in danger, as the mob increased by the wayside, he stopped his horse, drew his revolver, and fired several shots, then made off towards his house in the park. The strikers followed, and tore up everything that came in their way. The hall was only saved by the arrival of a company of military.

"So you think the author of this play will live, do you?" remarked the tourist.

"Yes," replied the manager of the Frozen Dog Opera House. "He's got a five-mile start and I don't think the boys kin catch him."—"Life."

Old Jones—Can you give my daughter the luxuries to which she has been accustomed?"
Cholly (engaged)—"N't much longer. That's why I want to get married."

Mothers' Who Take Pride in the Appearance of Their Daughters Should See Our Spring Coats and Dresses



BRAND New Styles, showing graceful lines suited to youthful figures. Why should there be an "awkward age" for girls when there is such a splendid variety of dresses and coats to choose from—garments artistically designed, expertly tailored and trimmed with exquisite taste. There's such wonderful beauty too in the materials themselves. Girls are susceptible to the charm of novelty—they will find it in the new arrangements of the trimmings, pretty combinations of natty buttons and braids, etc.

READ ON

Children's Wash Dresses

These New Spring Styles in Wash Dresses are made a great range of patterns including Chambrays, Linens, Ginghams and other wash materials; in plain colors stripes, checks, spots and plaids. They are made with round or square neck 3-4 and kimono sleeves and plaited skirts. Yoke, belt, cuffs and bottom of skirts prettily trimmed with contrasting colors. Sizes 4 to 14 years.

At 60c. to \$2

:: New Spring :: :: Coats ::

Children's New Spring Coats in a great variety of styles and Materials. Shepherds all wool plaids, black and white stripe tweed and broadcloths in navy, tans, blues or reds; tailored in short or 3-4 lengths, made with rolling, pointed or sailor collars in contrasting colors; prettily trimmed with narrow black militia braid and fancy buttons. Sizes 4 to 14 years.

At 2.75 to 9.00

JOHNSTONE WALKER
LIMITED
JASPER AVE. EAST EDMONTON

WORTHY MATERIALS

TO those who are not our customers we extend an invitation to avail themselves of an introduction to the Highest Grade Materials that have ever been displayed in Alberta. Our stock is ample and exclusive.

Twenty Years Steady High-Class Experience

Backed by the Latest Methods and governed by the Newest Styles, command for wearers of LaFLECHE CLOTHES, the confidence stamped by Fitness. Let us help to suggest your SPRING ATTIRE. We invite you here.

La Fleche Bros.

—TAILORS—

118 Jasper Ave West

Edmonton

No More Dyspeptics

thanks to that delicious-tasting wine- tonic

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(a la Quina du Perou)

Stimulates the Appetite, Aids Digestion, Creates Rich, Red Blood.

Big Bottle.

Ask YOUR Doctor.